

EBONY

A black and white photograph of Joe Louis, a prominent African American boxer. He is shown from the chest up, looking down with a serious expression at a light-colored fedora hat that he is holding with both hands. He is wearing a dark, possibly striped, shirt. The background is dark and out of focus.

HOW JOE LOUIS
SPENT \$2,000,000

MAY 1946 25c

FOR
NATURAL
Beauty



Murray's

POMADE.....HAIR GLO

Ask Your Druggist



The 25th Year of Progress of SUPREME LIBERTY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A 25th Annual Report is always a dramatic event. It is a milestone marking 25 years of achievement and progress towards an ultimate goal.

In the case of Supreme Liberty Life Insurance Company it means two and one-half decades of steady growth from the early days when the Company pioneered in the field of insurance among Negroes in the North.

Through the roaring Twenties, the Depression Thirties, and the War-torn Forties, Supreme Liberty Life has maintained its leadership and has continued to set the pace among the progressive companies of today.

Entering into what scientists call The Atomic Age, the Company is in the strongest financial position of its quarter of a century existence and it views the events of the future with complete confidence. We recognize that our outstanding performance is due in a large measure to the continued loyalty of policyholders and representatives alike.

So it is with justifiable pride we report that:

1. INCOME FROM ALL SOURCES

Income from all sources in 1945 was \$2,769,926.09, representing an increase of more than 16% over 1944.

2. INCREASE IN ASSETS

Total assets are now \$5,542,028.96, showing a growth of \$859,864.33 over 1944. This increase was invested for the most part in United States Government Bonds, which now constitute 32% of the Company's total assets.

3. INSURANCE IN FORCE

At the close of business for 1945, the Company had added to the number of policyholders 14,009, to bring the total to 306,175. Its Insurance in Force leaped to \$89,770,604, an increase of \$6,622,974.

4. SURPLUS FUNDS

Capital, Surplus and Contingency Reserves were expanded by \$297,863.40 to \$1,311,512.80. For the additional protection of policyholders more than 23% of total assets has been set aside.

5. WAR AND VICTORY BOND PURCHASES

The final year of the war found the Company intensifying its significant contribution to the war effort by increasing its investment in United States Government Bonds by more than 98%. This amount of \$1,776,833.62 will more amply provide protection against changing economic conditions during the reconversion and post-war periods ahead.

6. CONCLUSIONS

Complete satisfaction of all outstanding policy contracts is guaranteed by our policy reserves. We point with pride to a quarter of a century of progress and to our strong financial position. We commend the remarkable performance of our faithful employees and agents, and welcome back to employment the many young men and women now returning to civilian life.

Officers

T. K. GIBSON,
President

W. ELLIS STEWART,
Vice President and Secretary

EARL B. DICKERSON,
Vice President and General Counsel

J. G. ISH, JR.,
Vice President and Agency Officer

DR. M. O. BOUSFIELD,
Vice President and Medical Director

JAMES H. JONES,
Cashier-Comptroller

Financial Statement of SUPREME LIBERTY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

as of January 1, 1946

25th Financial Statement

ASSETS

Cash in Banks and Offices	3.1%	\$ 190,318.20
Stocks and Bonds:		
U.S. Government Bonds	32. %	1,776,833.62
Municipal Bonds	.9%	49,633.94
Railroad Bonds	4. %	224,992.28
Public Utility Bonds	2.2%	126,217.20
Industrial and Miscellaneous Bonds	.2%	8,258.47
(Preferred Stock and Federal Savings and Loan Assn. Investment Certificates	2.8%	152,643.87
	42.1%	2,338,579.38
Mortgage Loans:		
First Mortgage Loans on Improved Property	39. %	2,143,658.22
Real Estate:		
Real Estate Sold Under Contract	.4%	27,252.42
Home Office Building	4.8%	267,116.25
Loans:		
Loans to Policyholders (Secured by Reserve Held to Their Credit)	6. %	334,072.63
Other Assets	4.3%	241,032.36
	100.00%	\$5,542,028.86
TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS		

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves (Computed on Legal Basis)	72. %	3,990,780.87
(This amount with interest and future deposits insures the payment of all benefits provided in policies)		
Policy Claims	.8%	45,455.37
Reserves for claims reported but proofs not yet received		
Premiums Paid in Advance and Unearned Interest	.9%	50,376.37
Reserve for Taxes which will come due in 1946	1. %	54,413.11
Miscellaneous Liabilities	1.6%	89,490.34
Liabilities		
Contingency Reserve		\$300,000.00
Capital		200,000.00
Unassigned Surplus		811,512.80
Total Additional Funds Held for the Protection of Policyholders	23.7%	1,311,512.80
TOTAL	100.00%	\$5,542,028.86
Total Income for 1945		\$2,769,926.09
Total Disbursements for 1945		\$2,008,565.61

SUPREME LIBERTY LIFE



INSURANCE COMPANY

CHICAGO 15

ILLINOIS

BACKSTAGE



BEAUTY is skin-deep—and that goes for brown as well as white skin. You'd never think it, though, to look at the billboards, magazines, and pinup posters of America. Cheesecake (photographers' jive talk for sex-appeal pictures) is all white.

But the Petty girl notwithstanding, Negro girls are beautiful too. And despite the fact that Miss America contests hang out "for whites only" signs, there are thousands of Negro girls lovely enough to compete with the best of white America in pulchritude. To prove the point, EBONY assigned one of America's crack photographers, George Karger, to glamorize in pictures a typical Negro girl.

And to make the comparison even more complete, we found a girl that is not only very beautiful but also far from dumb. She is the charming scholastically-brilliant Barbara Gonzales, first Negro girl to graduate from the exclusive Sarah Lawrence College, a private school for girls in Bronxville, N. Y. Next month we unveil the elegant results. Preview above shows photog George Karger getting the right light on Miss Gonzales.

We know you'll find Miss Gonzales something out of this world but the only way we can assure you a look-see at the luscious lass is still a subscription to EBONY. We've tried and tried and tried to fill all the newsstand demands for EBONY but with the paper shortage, the printing industry labor crisis and a host of other technical headaches, there's still a limit on how many magazines we can print. Every month they seem to sell faster.

Only guarantee that you'll get your EBONY regularly without fail is a subscription. Our subscribers come first with us and you can join the growing number of them by sending in your three greenbacks for a year.

And speaking of greenbacks, we are handing them out also. Subscribers can clean up on their desire to spread EBONY around. Beginning with this month, EBONY's new Sell-Your-Friends Campaign gets under way. So many folks have been writing in saying how anxious they are to see the magazine get around to their friends that we've gotten together a complete folder of material, including a book full of sub blanks, which will help them in the job.

Besides helping EBONY, you'll be helping yourself to handsome commissions for the subs you sign up. We've made a couple of trial runs with the new sub books and they work like magic.

VOL. I, NO. 7

EBONY

MAY, 1946

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, *John H. Johnson*

EXECUTIVE EDITOR, *Ben Burns*

GENERAL MANAGER, *Charles A. Beckett*

ART EDITOR, *Jay Jackson*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, *Allan Morrison, Kay Cremen*

ADVERTISING MANAGER, *Irwin J. Stein*

CONTENTS

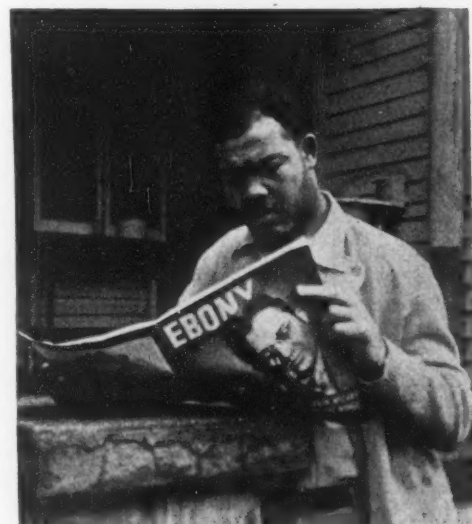
POSTWAR	
America's Year Of Decision.....	5
SPORTS	
How Joe Louis Lost Two Million Dollars.....	10
ENTERTAINMENT	
Ruby Hill.....	14
OVERSEAS	
Gold And Silver.....	20
SCIENCE	
Georgia's Medical Crusader.....	21
BUSINESS	
House of Beauty.....	25
Rug Weaver.....	31
One For The Books.....	47
POLITICS	
The Powells.....	35
EDUCATION	
College Oasis In Dixie.....	42
DEPARTMENTS	
Film Parade.....	30
Photo-Editorial	40
Letters And Pictures To The Editor.....	50

EBONY is published monthly by Negro Digest Publishing Co., Inc., at 5125 South Calumet Avenue, Chicago 15, Ill. Entered as second class matter October 2, 1945, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entire contents copyright, 1946, by Negro Digest Publishing Co., Inc. Reproduction in whole or part prohibited without permission. Manuscripts, photos or art submitted to EBONY should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or photos.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: 1 year (12 issues) \$3. 2 years (24 issues) \$5. Canada and Pan-American countries \$4 a year. Other foreign countries \$5 a year. Single copies 25c. Canada and Pan-America 30c.

Cover

JOE LOUIS along with Henry Ford is the best known American in Europe, according to the Gallup Poll, but it's doubtful whether many would recognize the heavyweight champ in the beard he's sporting on this month's cover of EBONY. There's a story behind the beard. For twelve years now in training camps, Joe Louis hasn't shaved until he got ready to start boxing. When EBONY went to Louis' French Lick training camp to get a cover shot, Joe's beard was already in bloom and no amount of talk could convince him to shave. It would be hard luck, Joe insisted. Ye editor finally got the bright idea; why not a cover shot of Joe with a beard? Certainly there have been thousands of pictures of Joe clean-shaven. What would be more unusual than Joe with a frizzy face? Photog Edward Frye of Acme Newspictures shot the works and the elegant cowhand on the cover is the result. Tough hombre, we'd say.



EBONY PICTURES: The following is a page-by-page listing of the sources of the photos in this issue. Where several sources are credited, the listing is from left to right, top to bottom.

5 to 9—Roger Atkins
10 to 13—Globe
14 to 16—Harvey Weber from Graphic House
17—Richard Tucker from Graphic House
18, 19—Harvey Weber from Graphic House
20—Black Star
21 to 24—A. Rosenberg from Black Star
25 to 29—Werner Wolff from Black Star
30—Selznick International, Monogram, MGM

31 to 34—Peggy Plummer from Black Star
35 to 39—Edward Harris
40, 41—Library of Congress (Parks from OWI)
42—Library of Congress (Parks from OWI), Robert McNeil
43, 44—Library of Congress (Parks from OWI)
46—Phil Stern
47 to 49—Acme

COMING IN JUNE—Photo Stories On

'Little Tokyo' Solves The Race Problem
Is Jazz Surrendering To The Highbrows?
America's Most Famous Negro Photographer
A New Carver Sets Up Shop
Negroes Who Make Money Making Money



STALKING NEGRO PREY, white Columbia civilian crouches behind pole with rifle ready to fire as state cops move in on Negro area.

AMERICA'S YEAR OF DECISION

Will 1946 repeat 1919, America's worst year of race violence?

THIS is the year of decision for American race relations.

This is the year that will make or break the solemn soothsayers who glumly predicted a bloody postwar era of rioting that would exceed the dire days of 1919, the worst year of racial violence in all U. S. history. In that single year, there were riots in 26 American cities with the death toll running over 100. Some 76 Negroes were lynched, including one woman and 11 soldiers.

Will 1946 match 1919?

Most expert political prognosticators declare the next three months, the hot summer dog days, will give the answer. They lean to the belief that law and order will prevail over mob rule, point out that the American public has learned a great deal about peaceful living-together during the critical war years.

But all agree that despite favorable factors in the racial picture, the smoldering makings of a conflagration of racial outbreaks are here. Ominous omen of tomorrow, they say, is Columbia, Tennessee.

Exactly six months and one week after VJ-Day, a withering blast of shotguns and rifles in Mink Slide, run-down Negro section of Columbia, shattered the racial peace of America, sent a wave of fear

and indignation through the Negro population of the land. The Columbia pattern was familiar. It repeated 1919 in Longview, Texas, and Phillips County, Arkansas; it aped the Nazi raids on the Jewish ghetto in Germany.

But the reaction was far different, gave high hopes of squelching a new wave of rioting before it got started. Overnight alerted progressive Americans mobilized in a nationwide campaign designed to give pause to Dixie "white supremacists" by setting a precedent in the punishment of the real criminals in Columbia.

The events at Columbia were a direct outgrowth of wartime tensions, the South's way of putting the Negro "in his place." It had its beginning in typical expressions like that of William Lindsay, president of the Florida Peace Officers Association, who told his followers: "These colored boys are coming back pretending to be heroes without even having seen a gun unless they stole one and smuggled it in. We've got to keep them in their place."

And when 19-year-old Navy veteran James C. Stephenson went into a Columbia radio repair shop with his mother to get back a set left there and the white proprietor slapped her in an argument, the seeds

of hate planted in Florida blossomed out in Tennessee. Stephenson naturally hit the repairman back, and before long a white man entered the local hardware store, asked for a length of rope and declared: "I'm going to hang myself a nigger." Rumors spread swiftly. Negroes and whites scampered to their own sections of town. Between the two races a wall arose to be breached only by gunfire.

When the inevitable indictments of 31 Negroes and only four whites were brought in by a white grand jury (although all riot victims were Negroes), notables around the nation such as Albert Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt, David O. Selznick, Herbert Lehman, Col. Roy Evans Carlson rallied to add their influence to a defense committee to win freedom for the Columbia victims. Many recalled that in the 1919 Arkansas riots when close to 50 Negroes were killed, 12 more were condemned to death in trials that followed.

Today's new generation of Americans—Negro and white—are determined that 1919 won't be repeated in 1946.

In the growing good will between races, in the vast new army of white friends the Negro has won during the war, the darker brother is finding comfort in his darkest hour.

(Continued on Next Page)



TENNESSEE MANHUNT was a wild Roman holiday for armed civilians brandishing double-barrelled shotguns and rifles. This four-man, self-appointed posse which stalked Negroes in the streets of Columbia all night included a sailor and a soldier, both in uniform. Most of civilians in manhunt were half-drunk.



SAILOR with leather jacket over his dress blues gingerly handles rifle in mixed crowd of state patrolmen and civilians which set up all-night blockade around two blocks of the colored section of Mink Slide. At daylight they moved in with machine guns and rifles blazing, arrested 100, wounded scores.

FOUR YEARS of war have made America trigger-happy. Millions of GIs brought back every variety of gun from the battle fronts in Europe and the Pacific. They have been anxious to use them again. In Columbia some of these weapons were brought out to be turned on the Negro populace.

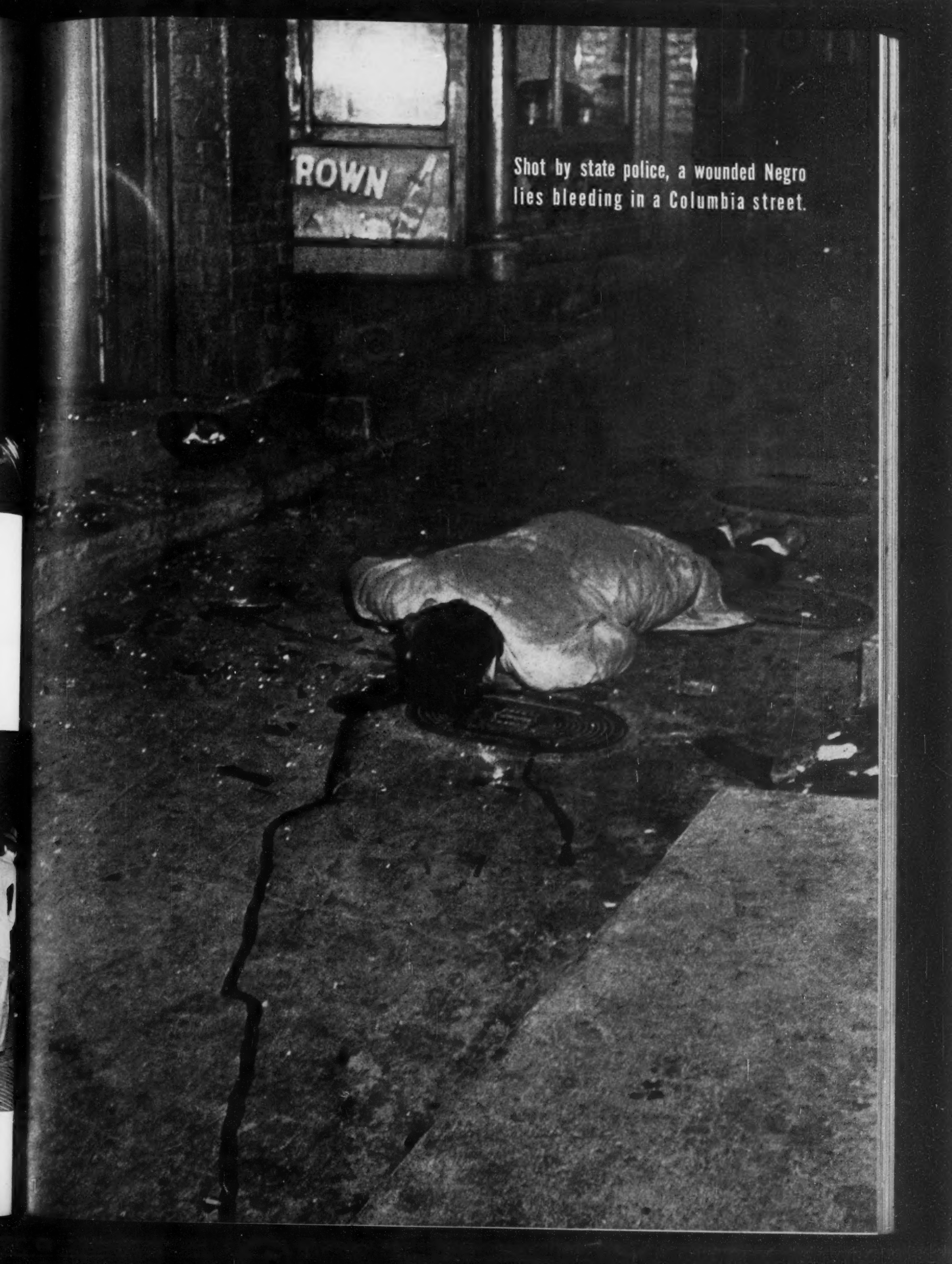
Throughout the South, many champions of peaceful race relations are urging an organized campaign to collect the vast arsenal of guns that pass as "war souvenirs" lest they be used in another war—this time on the home front. As a postscript to Columbia, the Birmingham Age-Herald pointedly asked: "To what extent is the law being enforced against everybody of all complexions with respect to the possession of arms?"



ARSENAL OF WEAPONS including everything from pistols to tommy guns was amassed by white cordon gathered outside Mink Slide waiting to close in on Negroes. Some civilians even dressed in hunting clothes, others like two at left wore GI clothes which they got in the Army.

ROWN

Shot by state police, a wounded Negro
lies bleeding in a Columbia street.





FANATIC VANDALISM resulted in wrecking of many Negro businesses. Mob of state police and civilians blasted Blair's barber shop with guns and then ransacked inside. Julius Blair, 77, a leader of the Negro community, was jailed along with his two sons, Sol and Charles. The father and one of his sons have been indicted for attempted murder in the first degree.



WRECKAGE is all that is left of barber shop after mob invaded store, cutting up four barber chairs and stealing electric clippers. At Negro funeral home, a two-foot-high KKK was painted on top of a black casket.

Racial peace parleys needed in Dixie

JIM CROW is the root of race riots, Columbia proved once again.

The social and economic gulf between the races, enforced by segregation laws, breeds the doubts, suspicions and fears which eventually bring shotguns out of sheds. Without any means of exchanging information, of pinning down rumors, of working together to cool hotheads, riots become inevitable when racial tensions start stirring.

In Columbia the rumors began after the Stephenson incident. Whites began walking around the streets armed with guns. Negroes ducked for cover. One Negro working out of town came into the city late. He bought a ticket to the Jim Crow balcony of a movie. When he found he was the only Negro in the theater, he became alarmed and left. In the street he saw two whites with guns, broke into a run for Mink Slide and warned that a "mob" was coming.

Once the die was cast, the boundary line between the white and colored sections of

Columbia became a "No Man's Land." The breach was complete, total. A man's color made him the quarry for the other side.

Nowhere at any time did anyone attempt to bring together the responsible leaders of both races in the community, thrash out the rumors, disarm both sides and declare racial peace. Sitting down and talking it over would have saved lives and property, but Jim Crow laws said "No."

However, the South is learning—even if slowly. From the conservative Birmingham Age-Herald came the sagacious admission that failure to bring the races together to discuss common problems can lead to fatal results. "The lesson for white Southerners is that they must not be content with simply drifting towards similar outbreaks of the disease of racial hatred and fear," wrote the paper about Columbia. "Everybody has known that after the war trouble might come. But how much has been done to prevent clashes? In how many communities have white and colored leaders come together to keep down provocations?"



WOUNDED in the arm, the porter in the Bethel Hotel is jailed by state police. Many Negroes went without first aid for hours.



WOMEN as well as men are lined up by police with drawn guns. Mob fired into homes, then entered them and arrested all men.



SEARCHED in streets by state police. Negroes were herded off to jail, and held without formal charges for days. They were finally bailed out by NAACP.



YOUNG BOYS AND SOLDIERS were lined up and jailed in the sweeping roundup made by state police in Mink Slide. Two Negroes were shot to death while in jail, allegedly for attempting to escape. Twelve years ago in Columbia a mob hanged a 14-year-old youth, Cordie Cheek, from a county court house window after he was declared innocent of a rape charge by a white grand jury.

HOW JOE LOUIS LOST 2 MILLION

THE BIGGEST spendthrift in all ring history is what bigtime promoter Mike Jacobs has called heavyweight champ Joe Louis.

In 12 years he earned two million dollars in purses as the fightingest titleholder of all time. Today Joe Louis has not a cent left, admits to debts of more than \$200,000, has as his main asset his lethal right hand.

Joe's fortune has gone with the wind, dissipated in reckless spending by a large-hearted youth to whom expensive pleasures and free giving were essential to being a good fellow and a real champ. He has been a soft touch for any glib tongue with a proposition to sell and has sunk cash in everything from a chicken shack to a dude ranch. Fortunately, the last was perhaps one of his few wise investments.

Purchase of the beautiful Springhill Farm in Michigan, which Joe had visions of making the country's first large Negro dude ranch, took \$85,000. He was partner with his manager, John Roxborough, although major interest was held by Louis. Luckily the state of Michigan came along to buy most of the property for conversion into a state park. Some 25 acres and several buildings are still under Louis-Roxborough ownership. Joe cavorts with friends on week-end parties, horse shows and outings every so often at the farm.

Joe's extravagance is a story of moving love for his family and uncontrolled generosity with his friends. It also concerns tawdry exploitation by leech-like camp followers in his entourage plus "slick chicks" whose fur coats and expensive gifts eat gaping holes in the Joe Louis pocketbook, his friends report.

Of the 2 million dollars he earned with his fists, Joe actually never saw more than a half million.

U. S. tax receipts show he paid \$192,867.59 in federal taxes between 1934 and 1940, his first seven years in the professional ring. This meant his net earnings in these years were only \$391,633. His biggest year was 1935 when the million-dollar gate for the Max Baer fight and substantial purses from the Primo Carnera and King Levinsky bouts netted him \$130,000.

Major portion of impressive Louis fight purses went to co-managers Julian Black and Roxborough, whose contracts gave them 50 per cent of Louis' ring earnings.

Today Black is no longer his manager, Roxborough is in jail on a racket charge. But when Louis fights Billy Conn in June, he will have little left of the proceeds.

Standing by ready to take their cut are:

- Mike Jacobs, who underwrote Joe's lavish spending in the army to the tune of \$150,000. He'll collect on his loan.

- The U. S. government to whom Joe owes \$117,000 in back taxes.

- Marva Louis, who gets 25 per cent of Joe's take (admittedly part of the price of their recent divorce).

- Friends, to whom Joe owes \$60,000 in golfing bets (he has bet as high as \$1,000 a hole in matches with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope).

Whatever is left Joe is ready to sink in a new enterprise on which someone has sold him. It is a restaurant in Harlem, now under construction on 125th Street. Joe has been promised an income of \$18,000 yearly for use of his name and a small investment.



FARM ENTRANCE welcomes guests to Joe Louis' Dude Ranch. Before Joe and co-partner John Roxborough, now in Michigan state prison, sold most of it to the state of Michigan for a park, the heavyweight champ had 200 head of beef cattle grazing on its 477 acres. Gentleman-farmer Joe also raised wheat, corn, potatoes, alfalfa and oats.



MAIN BUILDING of Springhill Farm was this rambling two-story "Club House" complete with a fully-equipped restaurant, several dining rooms, a bar and a modern kitchen. The Utica, Mich., farm, only 22 miles from Detroit, for some time was highly popular and had a steady stream of sightseers and visitors. Big drawing card was the champ himself, but Detroiters found the ranch a good place for summer relaxation and play.



PLAYING COWBOY has always been expensive hobby for Joe. At his side as buddy and secretary since he started fighting pro has been Freddy Guinyard, who here gives the champ and a couple of friends a lesson on how to roll your own. Guinyard was a boyhood chum of Joe's. They went to school together. Horses and the Wild West intrigue Joe. In the army he was in the cavalry at Fort Riley; as a civilian he sponsored horse shows and specialized in schooling horses. At Springhill, Joe had 26 school horses and 24 riding horses. For his personal use he had five horses: Flash, Kentucky Rain, Clear Creek Prince, Freddy and Tiger Rose. He paid as high as \$2,500 for a horse.

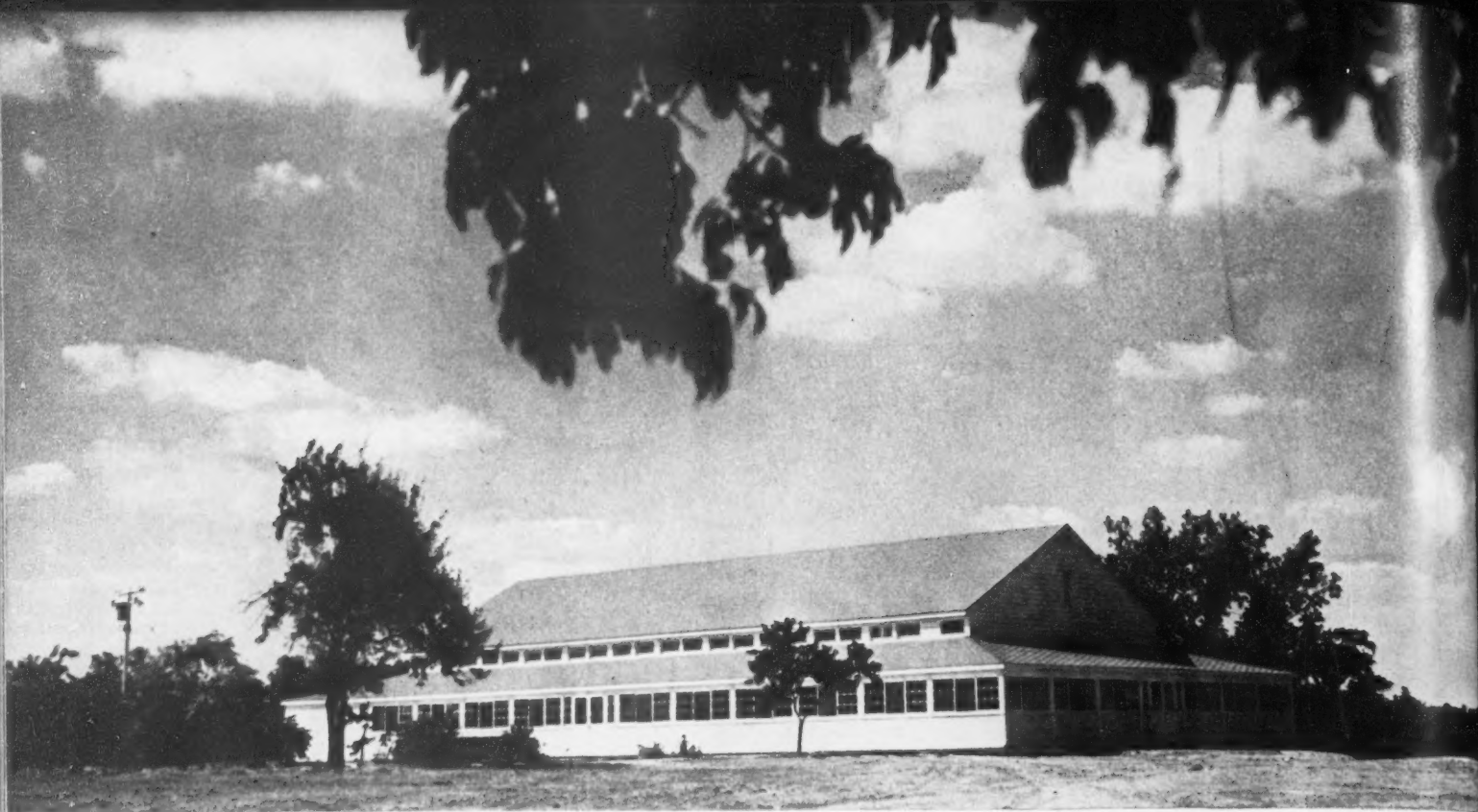


FAVORITE HORSE of the champ at Springhill was Flash, whom Joe regularly took for a morning gallop around the half-mile-long riding ring. Joe went in for cowboy equipment such as ten-gallon hats and lassoes, became quite a hand with a rope.



JUKE BOX is another weakness of the champ. At the Springhill clubhouse, he puts two dollars worth of nickels in vendor at one time. Joe spends an average of \$125 per suit, buys as many as twelve at a time.

(Continued on Next Page)



NEWLY-BUILT DANCING PAVILION ON THE LOUIS RANCH HAS A CAPACITY OF 1,500.

CLEANEST CHAMPION A SORRY INVESTOR

LARGEST SLICE, possibly half, of Joe Louis' earnings in the last decade went to the insatiable Goddess Pleasure.

The cleanest-living champion ever to draw on a glove, Louis did not dissipate, but loved to finance gaiety and lush living of others. Night club bills and hotel parties reached lunar heights. He would pay transportation and living expenses of people he liked merely to have them around.

Joe's pre-Army private life was a fabulous round of fantastic high jinks. He spends grandly because he doesn't believe a champion should be a cheapskate. And he has been supported in this belief by a motley horde of backslappers to whom being a guest of Joe means living on the fat of the land.

Joe has done some constructive spending too.

He bought and furnished a home for his mother at a reported cost of \$25,000. To his mother he also gave a four-apartment building in Detroit and

a small farm in Michigan now being run by one of the Louis brothers.

Two large Chicago apartment buildings valued at \$40,000 and \$15,000, were bought by Louis in 1935 and registered under the name of his former wife. Marva received these as part of a private property agreement negotiated at the time of their divorce in March, 1945. Under the terms of the divorce decree Joe agreed to pay \$200 monthly for the support of his daughter, Jacqueline, and to pay premiums on a \$10,000 policy taken out for the education of the child.

Joe's many investments in business ventures small and large were extravagant, usually ill-advised. He put \$50,000 into the Brown Bomber Chicken Shack in Detroit and probably lost the entire sum (it closed in 1941). He financed Chicago entrepreneur Charlie Glenn in opening a night club, the Rhumboogie cafe. Now he is reported to owe Glenn as much as \$40,000.

JOE RELAXED ON RANCH WITH CO-MANAGER JOHN ROXBOROUGH, WHOM HE VIRTUALLY CONSIDERS AS A FATHER.





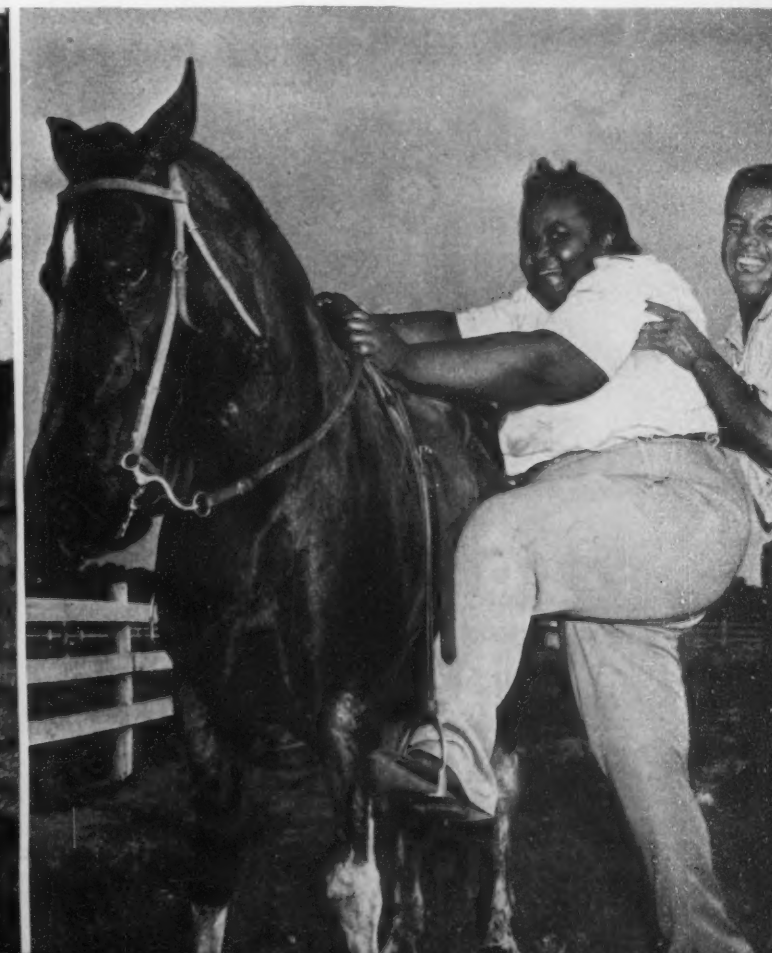
WESTERN STUNTS were specialty of Springhill Farm. Here's a girl that seems to have mastered the art of lassoing. Joe has always admired pretty, smartly-dressed women.

ANCIENT WATER PUMP was an attraction for Springhill guests like the handsomely-attired young lady here. The champ has been linked with many girls since his divorce but no No. 1 contender for his affections has come to light as yet.



LOTS OF GIRLS, many of them avid admirers of the champ, were constant visitors at the dude ranch. Here is a bevy gathered on a fence watching cowhands roping steers.

HEAVY LOAD for one of Joe's horses is Mrs. Henry Johnson who enjoys the sport of horseback riding but has to be helped onto the horse by a helpful guest. Two large stables on the grounds were most popular buildings.





NEW MUSICAL STAR Ruby Hill rehearses a dance routine on the stage of the Martin Beck Theatre in New York while spotlight pin-points her tiny figure. *St. Louis Woman* marks the first professional stage performance for the Richmond-born girl who used to sing in a church choir. Before the opening she was replaced by Muriel Rahn but the cast staged a near revolt against her dismissal. Ruby "went home and cried." Show's producer Gross finally relented and gave her the role. Miss Rahn will receive \$650 a week through June 1, after which she'll get \$750 until July 6 by which time she will have received a total of \$10,500, more than Ruby Hill will make for performing the hotly-disputed role.



RUBY HILL PHOTOGRAPHS BEAUTIFULLY, PILES HER CURLS HIGH TO ADD HEIGHT TO HER 5 FEET, 2 INCHES

RUBY HILL

Stunning Virginia-born beauty skyrockets to overnight stardom in an exciting Cinderella tale with a chubby Prince Charming

CINDERELLA stories are not new to Broadway. But few and far between are new, bright and shining Broadway stars of the lush beauty of lovely, nymph-like Ruby Hill.

Rising overnight from total obscurity to a starring role in the new musical *St. Louis Woman*, Ruby Hill's Cinderella tale is a dramatic plot virtually complete with glass slipper and Prince Charming. Unlike the handsome prince in *Cinderella*, Ruby's Prince Charming was short, chubby, baldish, cherubic Producer Edward Gross, an official of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. He found Ruby Hill a relative amateur and skyrocketed her to stardom in the lead role

as free and easy Della Green in *St. Louis Woman*.

For a while "Prince Charming" Gross was a bit undecided about Ruby. After being sold on her stage manner and talent and investing MGM money in polishing her musicianship, Gross had a change of heart and replaced Ruby a week before opening night with seasoned, veteran singer Muriel Rahn, late of *Carmen Jones*. Stars in the cast voiced their displeasure at the switch during a dramatic backstage protest meeting and Ruby was reinstated. Miss Rahn told the press she was "forced out by high-hand tactics."

To be the star of the show which New York Daily News critic John Chapman

calls "the best Negro musical in many seasons" is still a little unreal, occasionally a bit bewildering to Ruby Hill. It all came too suddenly.

Reviewers were impressed with the doll-like Ruby's beauty more than they were with her acting and singing. Sharpest comment came from PM's critic Louis Kronenberger: "Ruby Hill is a stunning young woman though hardly more of an actress than a singer."

Critical opinion notwithstanding, Ruby Hill literally glowed in the glamorous glare thrown off by the Martin Beck Theater's spotlight and her name in marquee lights. For her Cinderella is no fable.

(Continued on Next Page)



FAST-STEPPING Nicholas Brothers, Harold (left) and Fayard, head the star-studded cast of *St. Louis Woman*. In addition to some brilliant dancing, Harold, the younger, turns in adequate singing and straight acting performances.



LOOKING INTO MIRROR of her dressing room, Ruby Hill sees a Broadway ingenue who began her career at a church program in Richmond, ended up with a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the backers of *St. Louis Woman*.

CRITICS DISAGREE ON SHOW

AN EXTRAVAGANT, spectacular period piece set on Targee Street in St. Louis in 1898, *St. Louis Woman* boasts a gallery of some of the outstanding Negro stage talent in America today. The dancing Nicholas brothers (Harold and Fayard), Pearl Bailey and Rex Ingram dominate.

The story is based on Arna Bontemps' novel, *God Sends Sunday*, published in 1931 and adapted as a stage play the following year by Bontemps in collaboration with the late Negro poet, Countee Cullen. It was tried out by the Gilpin Players of Cleveland in 1933 and five years later by the Federal WPA Theater in Los Angeles. It kept making the rounds with little success until MGM's Edward Gross read it, liked it and decided to turn it into a musical.

Purchased by MGM as a starring vehicle for Lena Horne, the script provoked sharp controversy in Negro theatrical circles following its denunciation by the NAACP and its secretary Walter White who protested its treatment of the

Negro. Lena Horne thereupon refused to play the part, saying, according to Walter Winchell, that the play would "set the Negro back 100 years."

Miss Horne's abrupt defection from the cast set MGM frantically searching the land for a likely successor. At this point Ruby Hill, then under contract to the William Morris Agency, stepped into the picture, was rushed out to Hollywood where she was tested and interviewed for the role.

Opening in New York on March 30, *St. Louis Woman* was greeted by a mixed chorus of unfavorable, lukewarm and enthusiastic reactions from the reviewers. Range of the critics' opinions can be gauged a comparison of the extreme notices. Burton Rascoe of the New York World-Telegram exulted: "I enjoyed *St. Louis Woman* so much that when the final curtain descended I felt I should have liked to see the whole thing over again." The New York Herald-Tribune's Howard Barnes described it as "an indifferent song and dance fable" that was "disappointing."



GOING OVER the show's script, Ruby confers with Producer Edward Gross (left) and Scene Designer Lemuel Ayers.



MUSICAL SCORE was written by Harold Arlen, shown with score in hand, and Johnny Mercer (left) put words to songs.



PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE Al Siegel was once Miss Hill's first manager, gave her vocal instruction.



1. **ON TARGEE STREET** in St. Louis' Negro district, colorful sporting crowd holds sway. Della Green (Ruby Hill) meets Little Augie (Harold Nicholas), a celebrated jockey and falls for his charm and cockiness.



2. **CAKEWALK** finds Della accepting Little Augie as her partner, breaking with her former boy friend, saloon keeper Biglow Brown (Rex Ingram). This fast-moving, prettily-staged scene in first act is one of best in show.



3. **DELLA AND LITTLE AUGIE** enjoy the bliss of true love in a sumptuous apartment paid for by the hard-living, fast-spending little jockey. In this love nest she plies him with song and warm affection. The jealous Biglow and hot-headed Augie engage in fisticuffs over her love and Biglow is killed.



4. **GORGEOUSLY COSTUMED**, Miss Hill sings five songs throughout the show. Here she tells her sorrow after Little Augie is jailed.



5. **MISFORTUNE** floors Little Augie. Although he is freed of murder charges when the real killer confesses firing shot that killed Biglow, Della leaves him and he rides a series of losers. He becomes penniless. But two years later he comes back in a blaze of glory, wins a racing classic and regains love of Della.

MOVIES NEXT FOR RUBY HILL

ALL HER LIFE, Ruby Hill's one big dream was to go to New York and seek a stage career. When that dream came true, it happened with such suddenness that Ruby sometimes felt it was part of the dream.

She has been in love with the stage since early childhood, says: "Guess I was about 8 when I first began thinking about going on the stage." She was a pest to her parents with her constant clamour to go to dramatic school and they finally gave in. She also took up singing and appeared at high school affairs and church concerts in Richmond, Va., where she was born.

When she did finally go to New York in 1939, she virtually forgot her stage ambitions. Instead she became a housewife after marrying Robert Turner, a boyhood sweetheart and now a fireman at New York's 143rd Street Station. They established residence in a St. Nicholas Avenue apartment and Ruby settled down to a comfortable domestic existence.

But even if she didn't go chasing a stage career, it came calling on her. Three years ago the vocalist for the Noble Sissle band, then at the Diamond Horseshoe, became ill. Through friends, Ruby was offered the job, perhaps more for her looks than her singing ability. The engagement lasted as long as Sissle's regular vocalist remained ill, which happened to be three weeks. After that a brief USO tour was all that intervened between the Diamond Horseshoe debut and her selection for the role of Della Green in *St. Louis Woman*.

During the out-of-town run in Boston and Philadelphia, there were constant rumors that she was being replaced—first by Ann Brown, then by Muriel Rahn. A week before opening night in New York, the rumors became a fact and Gross announced that Miss Rahn would take Ruby's place.

But on the Saturday that the curtain was to go up for the Broadway critics, Miss Rahn withdrew at the eleventh hour and Ruby went back into the show.

None of the critics raved about her performance but all agreed she was one of the loveliest girls to appear on the stage in many months.

Despite her spurt to fame, Ruby is still a simple, unassuming young lady. Perhaps this is due to her upbringing in a heavily religious atmosphere. Both her mother, Mabel Hill, and her father, Marshall Hill, are devout Baptists and for years have been members of the choir at Richmond's Second Baptist Church. Ruby also belongs to this church, never misses a Sunday service even when on the road.

Ruby's headlong plunge into the theatre upset somewhat the placid, even tempo of her marriage. But her husband is undisturbed by the hectic pace his young wife has now assumed. He does not object to her theatrical career. "Ruby loves the theater," he says, "and I would be the last one to interfere with her plans. I want her to be happy."

**PARTING EMBRACE WITH WORK-BOUND
FIREMAN HUSBAND ROBERT TURNER IS
← A DAILY EVENT IN RUBY'S LIFE.**



MOVIE MAGAZINES first gave Ruby Hill the urge for a career on Broadway and in Hollywood. She still reads them avidly today.

When Ruby Hill first came to New York in 1939, it was to visit friends. She loved the tempo of life in Manhattan, extended her visit. For a while she attended George Washington High School.

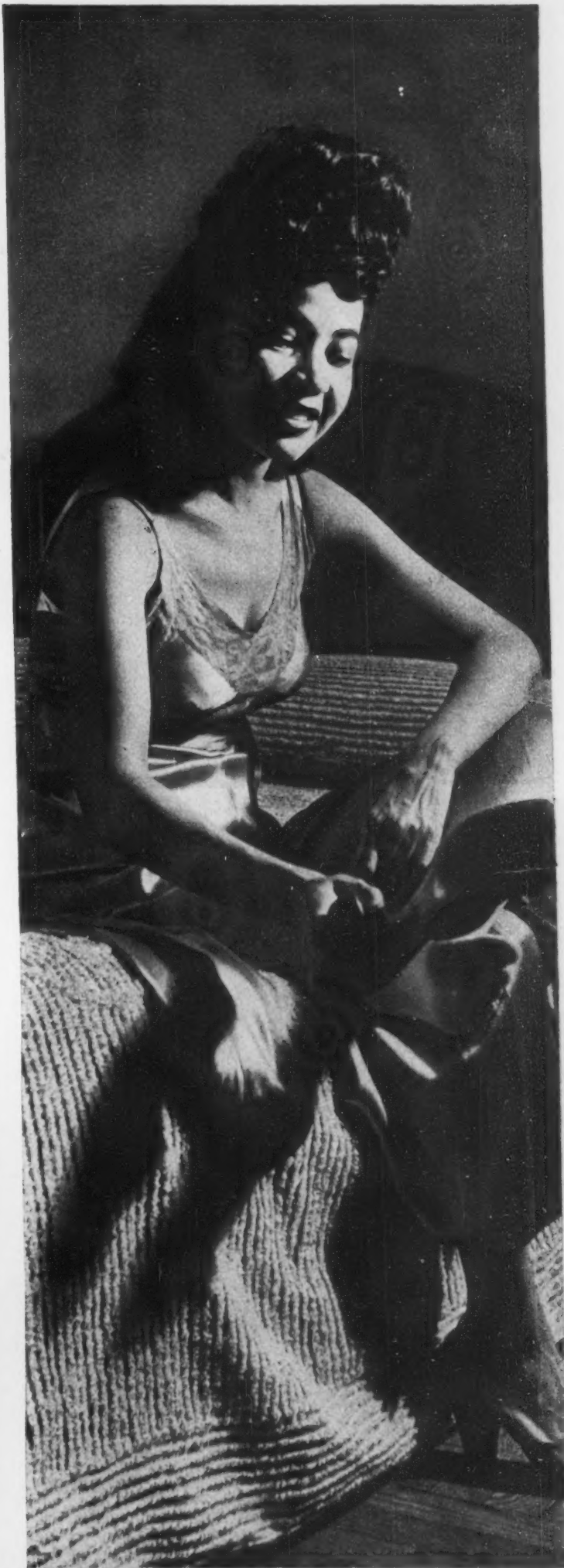
Ever since early childhood she has had one dominating ambition: to be an actress, if only a minor one. Never in her wildest dreams did she envision an important role in a \$250,000 Broadway musical.

An almost total lack of experience in the theatre forced her to submit to a gruelling schedule of training and rehearsals to fit her for a major role in *St. Louis Woman*.

She has not yet been spoiled by her taste of big time theatre, remains fresh, youthful, sometimes charmingly naive. Her mother is proudest of all of Ruby's success, points with delight to her daughter who, she says, "neither smokes, drinks, curses or plays cards."



AN EARLY RISER, Ruby eats hearty meals, believes in nutritious foods like milk and salads. Her mother, Mrs. Mabel Hill, of Richmond, Va., frequently visits her daughter.



AFTER EACH SHOW, Ruby is an exhausted young lady. She works hard, rarely finds time to get to night clubs, insists on getting eight hours of sleep.



HOSPITAL has special hours and segregated facilities for gold and silver patients, proves that contagious white supremacy virus has spread from Dixie to the Canal Zone. A Massachusetts sailor wrote home from Panama: "I saw a drinking fountain marked Gold and thought the sign painter's brush had slipped and misspelled Cold. But whoever heard of a Hot fountain? Later I learned to translate Silver, Negro; Gold, white."



POST OFFICE sells identical stamps to whites and Negroes, but through separate wickets. Races are served alternately. Strange anomaly is Tomas Gabriel Duque, ebony-colored publisher of the *Star and Herald*, the Isthmus' most influential newspaper. He is catered to by white people, rides to white parties in a long Cadillac, seldom mingles with Negroes, maintains a Jim Crow social news section in his paper. Paper is staffed and read by all races.

GOLD & SILVER

Panama Canal Zone has strange Jim Crow setup

THE PANAMA CANAL Zone has the strangest system of racial discrimination in all the world.

Here where a 379-square-mile sliver of the S-shaped Republic of Panama has become a slice of Dixie, exported some 2,000 miles from Mississippi, the song of race hate is the same but the words are different.

In the land of the Big Ditch, white is synonymous with gold. Silver means Negro.

Origin of the odd Jim Crow custom dates back to the days when the canal was built through the mosquito-infested swamps by U. S. engineers, mostly from the South. Jim Crow, rather than the Constitution, followed the flag and Dixie paymasters instituted the strategy of paying Negroes, mostly West Indians, in silver, white employees in gold. The uneducated natives, who had little knowledge of money, were led to believe that the larger, more bulky silver coins were worth more. Soon a Negro found with gold stood convicted of theft without trial.

Today while the monetary racial segregation has ended, Jim Crow still exists in public life with gold and silver designations indicating race. Housing, schools, hospitals, restaurants have gold and silver markings.

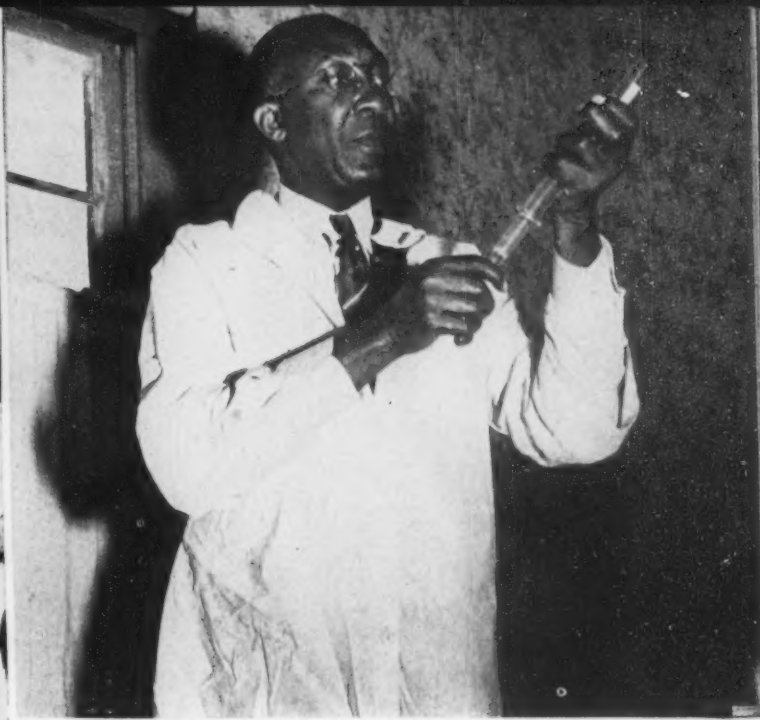
Panama is a land of racial paradoxes. One is the San Blas Indians who are so jealous of their racial purity that neither whites nor Negroes are permitted to spend the night on their island.

Another phenomenon is the spectacle of the new-Golds, mixed strains which resemble whites. They try to live among whites despite a frigid reception.

The gold-and-silver system, like Jim Crow in Dixie, is supposedly "separate but equal." But in the Zone as in the South it is a tragic joke. Schools for whites are the best in any U. S. possession, those for Negroes among the worst. No "Silver"—or Negro—need apply for a job vacated by a white.



WHITE PATIENT of Dr. Gilbert is Fred B. Hall, ex-infantry staff sergeant wounded twice in Germany. He drove 26 miles from his Bowen, Ga., home to consult the doctor although he had never been to see him "before I got into the service. I've heard of him favorably ever since I was a kid. Now many of my friends have him in so I came. . ."



DIAGNOSING Hall's ailment, Dr. Gilbert prescribes penicillin, the new modern drug. Here he prepares the syringe for injection. He has no running water in his office but the place is scrupulously clean. Dr. Gilbert has been called on emergency maternity cases for white women but prefers not to speak of this aspect of his practice. He has delivered eight white babies.

GEORGIA'S MEDICAL CRUSADER

NEGRO DOCTORS with white patients are not exceptional in the North, rare indeed in the South.

Prejudice and distrust of professional ability are main reasons why so few whites are treated by the country's 4,000 Negro physicians and surgeons. But in the deep South there are notable exceptions to the general rule of Jim Crow in medicine.

Typical is Dr. Joseph Gilbert of Royston, Ga., a country doctor in the classic tradition, who exemplifies the humanitarianism basic to his profession by ministering to the ill and dying, regardless of their color. Dr. Gilbert, a Negro doctor with a bi-racial practice, is a unique community figure.

The idea of a Negro physician treating white patients, revolting to hide-bound, segregation-

conscious white Southerners, has been accepted over nine years by Dr. Gilbert's white patients residing in three Georgia counties, Hart, Franklin and Elbert. He was first called in on white emergency cases but his skill kept him coming back.

Modest, efficient, dignified, Dr. Gilbert is regular physician to many leading white families in the three counties. His diagnoses are respected opinions. Rigid adherence to the ancient Oath of Hypocrates imposing professional secrecy required of medical men, has enhanced his reputation in the rural communities he serves.

Dr. Gilbert, a tall, genial man, regards himself solely as a scientist, shuns social crusading. However, he has probably done more to increase inter-racial good-will than any other person in north-east Georgia.

DR. GILBERT INJECTS VIAL OF PENICILLIN IN WHITE EX-SERVICEMAN FRED B. HALL.





OFFICE of Dr. Gilbert in Rockmart (pop. 3,764) is a modest, white-washed building. He is there every evening. In the morning he receives calls at his home in Royston (pop. 1,549). In between he makes his rounds.



TYPICAL SCENE in the section of Georgia where Dr. Gilbert has come to be known as an outstanding citizen is the Hart County Court House in Hartwell. He has delivered papers to the state medical association, regularly goes to the University of Georgia medical school summer refresher courses designed to keep doctors abreast of modern developments.

HORSE & BUGGY TO TWO CARS

A PRODUCT of Meharry Medical School in Nashville, where he graduated in 1923, Dr. Gilbert interned at Chicago's Provident Hospital, arrived in Rockmart, Ga. with 15 cents in his pocket.

He came to Rockmart to borrow money from a friend, Rev. W. M. Wilcox, with which to begin practice in Macon, Ga. Reverend Wilcox pointed out the need for more doctors in this section. At the time, there was a colored doctor at Rockmart, so Dr. Gilbert went to nearby Royston. He made his home there and his expanding practice kept him so busy he hasn't had time since to think of moving to Macon.

People beat a path to his door even before he could put up a sign.

He now answers the call of humanity from remote and almost inaccessible regions of this section. At first he walked. Then he had a horse and buggy. Today he has two cars.

He frequently has to extemporize and operate under primitive conditions, but his skill is tops, rising to any emergency.

There is so much to do and so little time, he must budget and schedule carefully, expertly rushing through calls which can be shortened in order to devote full time to patients requiring more attention.

First white patient of Dr. Gilbert's was a 60-year-old pneumonia sufferer whose regular physician was out of town. Treatment prescribed by the Negro physician saved the patient. His first successful white case was followed by a steadily increasing list of regular white patients who clearly prefer Dr. Gilbert.

He has delivered papers before the state medical association on his research into such diverse subjects as "Immunity to Diseases" and "Failing Heart of Middle Age."

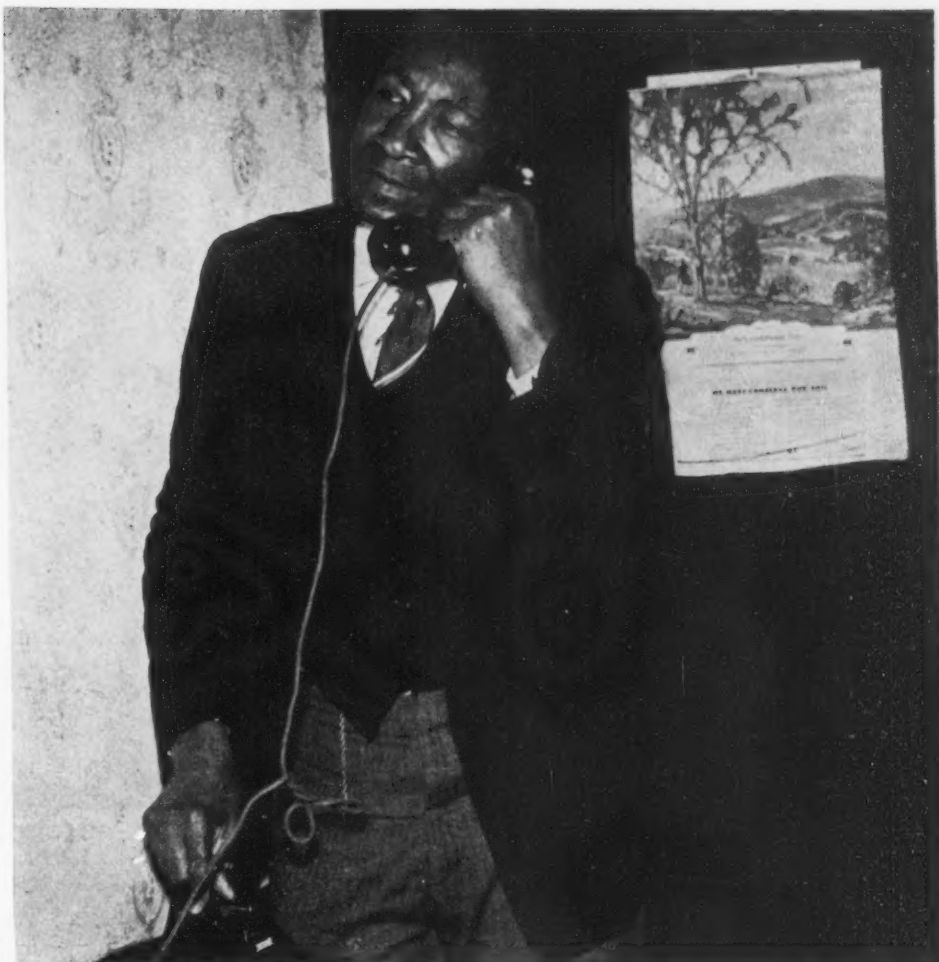
He wishes he had an X-ray machine, which he could use to advantage. At present, he must refer X-ray cases to white doctors.

He would also like to spend long moments of leisure in the spacious living room of his Royston home. He does manage, however, to snatch odd moments for relaxation and for keeping abreast of the times and his profession, through his adequate, personal medical library.

Between calls he squeezes in community work like serving on the selective service board and the board of education trustees.

Dr. Gilbert at 47 has thus built up an excellent reputation inside his own profession as a competent practitioner and in the community as a tactful, wise and kindly man. He is admired by his own people who are proud of his record, and respected by whites who know his value as a doctor.

The tall, spare Georgia country doctor has a reticence typical of the medical profession and you're apt to hear of his white clientele from the patients themselves rather than from "Doc" Gilbert. He has overcome longtime prejudices with his medical skill, made many Southerners realize the need for more and more Negro doctors not only to treat Negroes but also whites.



CONSTANT CALLS keep Dr. Gilbert on the go and he rarely finds time for relaxation. Occasionally he goes on possum hunts with friends.



CALL CAR is a light, mud-bespattered coupe which has replaced the horse and buggy he once used. He now has two cars.



NEGRO PATIENTS make up bulk of Dr. Gilbert's practice. Here is a neighboring farmer, B. J. Rucker, sitting in waiting room until the "Doc" can see him.

MEDICAL COLOR LINE CRACKS

WHITE PERSONS who break caste practices by going to Negro doctors in the South do so initially either to conceal disease or pregnancy from their friends, because low incomes prohibit their paying for comparable white doctors, or because of the unavailability of any white doctors in the region.

It took a flu epidemic to break down the medical color bar in Monticello, Georgia. There in 1938 the disease laid low the only white physician in Jasper County; in desperation white people called on Dr. Frederick D. Funderburg, a Negro physician. Dr. Funderburg arrested the spread of contagion by treating an average of 60 white patients a day.

So impressed were the whites with his efficiency that many continued going to him. His present white clientele includes a banker and a school teacher.

In Beaufort, S. C. another Negro physician, Dr. Montgomery P. Kennedy, an obstetrician, has delivered 85 white babies since 1930.

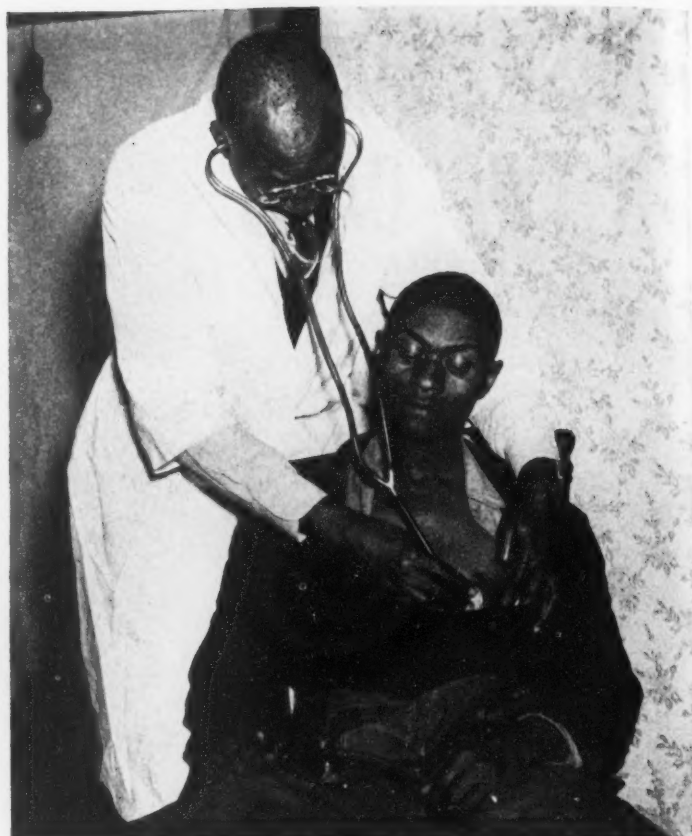
In the North, where inter-racial medical practice is less rare, gynecologist Dr. Robert G. Smith of Waukegan, Ill. has one of the largest white clienteles in the country. Over 85 per cent of his patients are white women.

In certain other areas of the South like West Virginia, western Virginia, eastern Tennessee and North Carolina growing numbers of white people are regularly attended by Negro doctors, sometimes clandestinely, sometimes openly. There is growing evidence that increasing numbers of white Americans are being induced by two factors—professional efficiency and personal integrity—to cross the medical color line.

Irony of the new trend toward use of Negro doctors by white patients is the woeful shortage of enough colored physicians to go around to take care of their own race. In the entire South there are only 2,000 Negro medics to care for the Negro population of ten million.

Most graduates of medical schools are going North, away from racial discrimination. And there are less and less graduates. In the decade from 1932 to 1942, the number of Negro doctors decreased by 5 per cent.

Most medical schools maintain rigid color bars both in the South and the North. Only big Negro med schools are at Meharry and Howard. Together they turn out only 100 doctors each year.



LUNG INFECTION is Rucker's trouble, Dr. Gilbert finds. Dr. Gilbert specializes in minor surgery. Nothing pleases him more than a really tough, challenging case.



FAVORITE of Dr. Gilbert is his pet Trixie. He sings in the church choir along with his wife, who plays the piano. They have two daughters.



CELEBRITIES are regular patrons at the Rose-Meta House of Beauty. Moune de Rivel, singer and pianist from Guadeloupe and Paris and now at Cafe Society Uptown, is a customer at the swanky salon. Educated fingers of Rose Morgan, the corporation president, form large curl over forehead as part of an upsweep creation.

HOUSE OF BEAUTY

Rose-Meta salon is biggest Negro beauty parlor in world



CO-OWNER Rose Morgan, working on Mlle. Moune's hair, has a large personal clientele who come from Chicago, Detroit, Washington and the South to get their hair done by the outstanding stylist.

BIGGEST Negro beauty parlor in the world is the Rose-Meta House of Beauty, Inc., in Harlem.

Only three years old, it has zoomed overnight to the top among the 3,000 Negro beauty salons all over the nation which collect over 3 million dollars in receipts annually.

Secret of the sudden, brilliant success of Rose-Meta is a formula which makes beauty a science.

Co-owners Rose Morgan and Olivia Clarke, who rank among the top Negro beauticians in the country, have built successful careers on the belief that no Negro hair is "bad," that all Negro hair can be attractive. Attracting customers from coast to coast and outstanding notables such as Katherine Dunham, Eslanda Robeson, Ann Brown, Muriel Rahn and the new French singing star Moune de Rivel, the Rose-Meta salon has become the foremost, most exclusive institution in the trade.

Highly trained and possessed of wide experience, both co-owners are specialists in different though related fields—hair dressing and body culture. Hair styles created by Miss Morgan's deft fingers are often adopted by the entire profession; Olivia Clarke's scientific body treatments are eagerly sought by an unending waiting list, seldom fail to satisfy.

The Rose-Meta House of Beauty occupies a large five-story brownstone house at 148th and St. Nicholas Avenue in Harlem, is furnished with the last word in hairdressing and health equipment, staffed with picked beauticians.

Building the business was a costly process for its two proprietors. Equipment and furnishings of the House of Beauty are valued at \$20,000; renovating the house cost \$28,000. This high initial investment has been more than justified, for today Miss Morgan and Mrs. Clarke are heavily in the black and earning handsome profits.

(Continued on Next Page)



BEGINNING OF HAIR CURLING process is demonstrated by operator Laverne Anthony. New methods are a far cry from the days when Negro women used ordinary heated flatirons to press washed hair. First step in Negro beauty culture came when the late, colorful Madama C. J. Walker introduced a small iron comb she invented to straighten kinky locks. Her de-kinking process eventually found favor with white women who had crinkly hair.



ELECTRIC DRYERS take moisture out of hair after shampooing, usually accomplish work in 15 minutes. Customers like Alma Morton read while getting hair dried.

WHITE people spend millions putting a wave into their hair which is naturally straight; Negroes spend millions straightening hair which is naturally wavy. Main difference between the two is the size of the wave.

Natural hair wave of the average Negro is one-eighth of an inch in width. White hair wave is one inch wide normally. Basic aim of Negro hairdressers is simply to widen close narrow wave of Negro hair.

Originator of the modern method of straightening Negro hair was the fabulous Madame C. J. Walker who, beginning as a St. Louis laundress with only "two dollars and a dream," built up a great business and established the Walker System of beauty culture. This is the basic method used in modern Negro hair culture.

Since 1925 schools of beauty culture have been an important part of the Walker System, now number 36 from coast to coast.

Big three in Negro hairdressing are the Madame Walker System, the Poro System (its main rival which claims seniority in the field), and the Apex System with headquarters in Chicago.

Biggest single innovation in Negro hair culture in recent years was introduction in 1941 by the Walker System of a new method known as "cold curling on pressed

hair." Method is based on use of "vapor oil" and applies to Negro hair a treatment hitherto available only to whites.

In less than five years the Walker cold curling process has revolutionized Negro hairdressing by eliminating use of heated curling irons. A war-time development, cold curling came into being in answer to critical shortage of marcelling irons created by diversion of steel to war uses. Walker System experts are currently working on two new processes which they predict will effect drastic revisions in methods of treating Negro hair.

In building a typical Negro coiffure there are four main stages. First consists of shampooing. The second is the straightening process which is done with heated irons and pressing oils. This is followed by waving by either marcelling irons or new cold curling method. Final stage is styling—arranging coiffure by use of hand, brush and comb. Entire process takes one hour and forty minutes.

Thousands of Negro men and women spend sizeable sums annually on their hair, purchase enormous quantities of hair greases and pomades, and invest heavily in special pressing and curling treatments calculated to "straighten" kinky hair. To some de-kinking is synonymous with de-Negrofying, and hence improvement.



SLICK CHICK features large waves in front, has hair symmetrically banked on either side of part in center. Girl is Betty Turner of New York.



CURLY FROTH hairdo, shown on Mrs. John H. Irving of New York, is styled with waves in front, massed curls at back of head.



CHINA SEA ROLL has gracefully contoured curls and is set off by fat, loose curls at back. Mrs. Mabel Watson of New York regards "Roll" in mirror.

ROSE-META CAMPAIGNS AGAINST IDEA NEGROID HAIR INFERIOR

SOME 75 different hair styles are offered clients at the Rose-Meta shop. Customers are always aided by expert personal advice on hair and makeup.

Policy is to send a customer out looking her very best even though this sometimes involves spirited differences over style best suited to the woman's face and hair. Explaining this policy, Miss Morgan says:

"We don't always agree with what customers want and when we don't, we say so frankly. Thus, there are many women who want styles our experience and judgment tell us are unbecoming to them. In such cases we make suggestions on what we think is the suitable hair style for the person concerned."

There have been instances when customers have stubbornly insisted on having

their hair done in styles so obviously wrong that Miss Morgan has refused the work. She would rather turn out attractive, appropriate hair-dos or none at all.

All hair is good hair, Miss Morgan believes.

All her life she has been conducting a one-woman campaign against the notion widely held among Negroes that Negroid hair is inferior. Miss Morgan contends this belief is a reflection of the extent to which white America has warped the values of certain Negroes who feel that the more Negroid a Negro the less attractive the person.

"Hair textures vary from race to race and type to type," she says, "and it is very wrong to classify one kind as 'better' than another. It's all in the way you care

for the hair. All hair is bad if it isn't well-styled and groomed."

House of Beauty's Rose Morgan is a hair stylist second to none. To her every head is a challenge.

The two women weathered ill luck and formidable financial difficulties to develop their establishment which today draws an average weekly total of 1,000 customers. Their staff of 29 includes a registered nurse, 20 hair operators and three licensed masseurs, who draw a payroll of \$40,000 yearly.

Both partners live on the premises, occupying tiny luxury flats on the building's two top floors. The fifth floor contains a cafeteria, serving staff and customers with home cooking and operating on a non-profit basis.

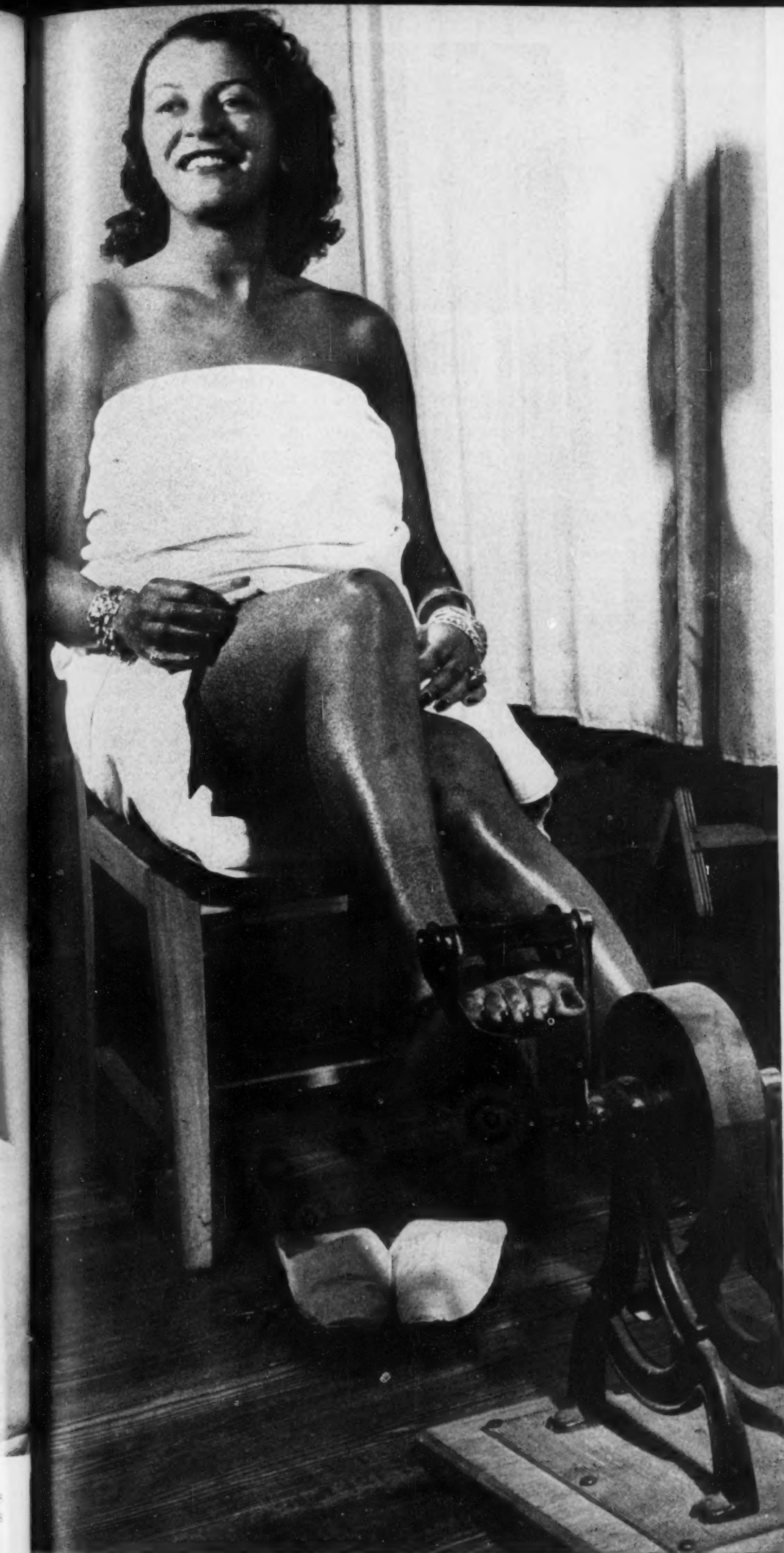


SKILFUL HANDS of master stylist Rose Morgan mold these contours of curls. Closeup shows hair in nearly finished state.

(Continued on Next Page)



ELECTRIC VIBRATOR, a weight-reducing device, gets New York showgirl Marion Bruce started on a course for removal of excess weight. Operating the device is Olivia Clarke, co-proprietor of the House of Beauty and director of the health salon whose services embrace reducing, Swedish massages, improvement of blood circulation and "colonic irrigations."



CYCLE PEDAL helps take off excess poundage from hips and thighs.



CABINET BATH is a prominent feature of the House of Beauty's health salon. Vocalist Marion Bruce tries it after her cycle workout. Olivia Clarke, in charge of health salon, studied at Virginia State and New York University. She is secretary-treasurer of Rose Meta.



FACIALS have important place in American beauty culture. Marion Bruce gets one after her physical exercises. Then comes a hairdo and finished product is modeled by Miss Bruce (below). It's called a "Flat-top," has wide marcelled waves at top and hair below brushed loosely.



FILM PARADE



Duel In The Sun

BACK IN a servant's role although she has sworn off future menial parts, elf-voiced Butterfly McQueen portrays Vashti, the maid of all work on the huge McCanles ranch house, scene of David O. Selznick's \$7,000,000 super-Western production. The Niven Busch story as transcribed on the screen will open in key cities next month. International Pictures is spending more than a million dollars to publicize the film. They plan to introduce a "Duel In The Sun" rum cocktail.



Dark Alibi

PLAYING Charlie Chan's chauffeur Birmingham again, Mantan Moreland runs through his usual pop-eyed antics in this new Monogram thriller due on the nation's screen this month. Moreland, whose forte is sweating through cliché roles with watermelon, dice and a rabbit's foot, has an encounter with a skeleton in this opus.



Sailor Takes A Wife

CENSORED in Memphis because white screen star Robert Walker tips his hat to a Negro, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, this MGM comedy romance gives a janitor's role to the top Negro stage-screen-radio star. Rochester gets a flock of laughs, especially when he naively suspects June Allyson of adultery not knowing that the man in her room is her husband.



No Leave, No Love

MAKING his movie debut in a new MGM musical with pinup boy Van Johnson, little Frankie "Sugar Chile" Robinson plays boogie-woogie and frolics with No. 1 heart throb of Hollywood in a bit of comedy. Keenan Wynn and Marina Koshetz also take part in the proceedings which give the 6-year-old a big sendoff on his film career. He has a long-term contract with MGM at \$250 per week, recently demonstrated his piano prowess at the White House to President Truman.



THREADING LOOM'S SHUTTLE is job requiring patience and skill. Hand loom weaves beautiful materials of great strength but has limited productive capacity. Sarah West does rugs, fabrics, place mats, tweeds and other novelties for country's leading designers.

RUG WEAVER

Sarah West works at ancient art with modern designs

NEW YORKER Sarah West, hand loom weaving expert, practices an ancient art with extraordinarily modern results.

Weaving is in her blood. She comes of a family of Pennsylvania weavers and is the lone West survivor in a vanishing craft. Extremely proud of her profession, which she calls "an inseparable part of my life," Miss West started weaving in 1925 in Pittsburgh, her home town. Today she plies her loom with increasing success in her Harlem studio.

Twenty years of weaving have given her pliant fingers instinctive sureness and her mind new concepts of the potential-

ties of her occupation. Overcoming numerous crises, she stuck to her unique profession, with persistence and pluck and is just now beginning to see horizons of profit and business expansion.

"During the war," she says, "the shortage of materials almost forced me to close my studio and discontinue weaving. But I stuck it out and now business is getting better." Even when, during the war years, she took a job as a clothing inspector at an Army quartermaster depot she worked nightly designing patterns and turning out a limited number of rugs and fabrics.

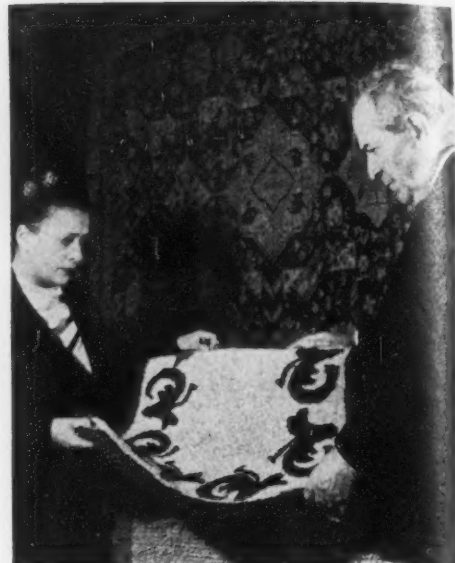
(Continued on Next Page)



1. CHARTING PATTERN is the first step in the rug weaving process. Pattern is charted in color and scaled with precision. Sarah West calls herself "an industrial artist," loves her work



4. HAND-HOOKING rugs is tedious work but an essential part of rug-making. With increase of business, Miss West has found it necessary to employ Harlem girls as her assistants.



5. FINAL PRODUCT is sold to rug merchant K. M. Jamgotchian of New York who has bought scores of West rugs for resale by his large rug concern.



2. THREADING LOOM comes next. Yarn is passed back and forth around loom's wooden pegs. It is slow, tedious work but Miss West one day hopes to replace her hand loom with the latest power-driven type.



3. PASSING THREADS through the shuttle of the loom requires nimble fingers. That plus a creative imagination has made Miss West one of the most expert weavers in the nation.

Weaving art dates back to Greece, Rome

WEAVING, one of history's decisive inventions, goes back to early Egyptian civilization.

Throughout history it has played a dominant role in clothing the world's millions and producing tapestries, rugs and ornamented fabrics. It was an important domestic art in ancient Greece and Rome, and during the Colonial period in American history was the main home craft.

Hand looms have survived despite formidable advantages possessed by power looms produced by the machine age. In Britain, France, Germany and Italy hand loom weaving is still practiced though it is practically extinct as an industry. In Asia and Africa there are probably more hand loom weavers than there are machine textile workers in Europe and America.

Most modern hand looms are "horizontal" type in which warp and cloth beams are placed horizontally. Most primitive people use vertical looms of the type originated in ancient Egypt and classical Greece.

Sarah West uses a "four-harness, fly-shuttle" loom built ten years ago to her own specifications. She also uses a small four-harness table loom for making pattern samples. She has made hundreds of originally-designed rugs on the large loom, many of which have been sold for unusually high prices.

For some time now she has had more rug orders on file than time and facilities allow her to fill. To handle the backlog of orders for rugs, she now employs a number of girls who help her do wearisome hand-hooking. Several of the girls were taught weaving by Miss West at the Harlem Community Art Center where she was an instructor for five years.

Production limitations of hand looms have been sharply brought home to Miss West during rush business periods when she was swamped with orders too numerous for her tiny shop to handle. As a result

she is planning to enlarge the plant, increase her staff and purchase modern machinery. The shop now comprises one oblong room at 143 West 125th Street in the heart of Harlem. It is almost filled by a large rug-making frame and hand loom.

Her biggest current ambition is to secure one of the latest power looms which would result in a vast increase of productivity and an immense saving in time and manual labor.

Most of the weave rugs she designs and makes fall into three types: modern, early American and Oriental. Abstract design and "Ghorde's Knot" rugs are made on the hand-loom which Miss West operates almost exclusively. On hand-hooked rugs she creates designs and supervises work of her young assistants, all of whom are part-time workers.

Through her work she has had the rare opportunity of not only meeting but becoming friends with such great people as the late President Roosevelt and his wife.

Last fall she was invited to Washington to be present when President Truman unveiled a bronze plaque of FDR.

While Miss West has her studio in the heart of Harlem, she lives on the fringe of one of the finest white residential sections. She does her shopping in this district where she has made many friends. Her friends she chooses for mutual interests, which are mainly in the realms of art.

Art is her consuming passion. She will discuss artists and their work for hours, belongs to several art groups and studies sculpturing and drawing under famed sculptress Selma Burke.

She is ever anxious to correct the misimpression that textiles have only commercial importance for her. She is just as much interested in the artistry she puts into the making of a rug as the price it brings, and says that the immense amount of personal pleasure her creations have given her exceeds by far their monetary value.

WEST DESIGNS FOR FINE LIVING

WEAVER WEST has come by her skill through hard work, study and many reverses.

After a course in industrial arts at Carnegie Institute of Technology, the Cincinnati-born artist came to New York in 1926, teaching arts and crafts at the Harlem YWCA's night trade school and working during the day as a designer for the Gramercy Textile Corporation.

To develop expertness at weaving, she studied under the Finnish authority, Margris Grotell, and noted designer Vaclav Vyclacyl of New York.

Recently she has shifted much of her attention from weaving techniques to designing. A large part of her income is derived from the making of graphs, patterns and designs for textile companies and big rug concerns like Buckminster, Jamgotchian and Emily Ellis Rug companies. Some day she hopes to devote all of her time to this "absolutely fascinating" work.

Designing is interlinked with weaving and has been so since the inception of the art. Sarah West considers good designing an essential part of fine workmanship and constantly says, "Design is an organic part of the art of weaving and is most essential to quality. Under no circumstances can it be separated from the craft itself. Design is definitely art, applied art."

She is constantly searching for fresh ideas in design and thinks up patterns as she goes through the day, sometimes on the subway, while shopping, and watching a movie. Designs, she says, come out of her environment and daily experience and are really abstract images of life. Her designing principles are based on extensive studies in mechanical drafting and mathematics, and constant reference to Munsell's Color Theory, which to her is a kind of Bible.

"Art belongs to the people," says Sarah West, "and it should enter the homes of the common people. Many of my designs are reproduced on a large scale and find their way into thousands of American homes in the form of rug and textile patterns. And it sometimes excites me when I realize that weaving is a social as well as artistic function."

Miss West's work has been exhibited at the National Exposition of Arts and Industries, the National Negro Exposition, the New York Federal Art Gallery and numerous other galleries. During the World's Fair, she received a distinction she still bashfully cherishes—an invitation to serve on the Fair's Artists' Coordinating Committee.

When her finances permit her to buy a power-loom Sarah West will cease her manual weaving with nostalgic sadness because she knows it will be another step toward the demise of one of man's oldest trades. She regrets the sacrifice of artistic perfection to speed and volume of production that results from machine weaving.

Recognizing that technical progress can not be stayed, she will use the latest machinery and methods, but will never lose her conviction that the main aim of the weaver should be the creation of materials of strength and beauty and that weaving is a beautiful and ingenious art.



EXAMINING FIBRES for quality and durability, Miss West looks into her microscope. She tests fibres for textile firms and is paid for her expert evaluations.

(Continued on Next Page)



UNMARRIED, Sarah West lives alone in a small apartment on West 66th Street. Her strong domestic interests dictate a well-furnished home which she keeps as neat as her own nails despite her rough, rugged work. She seeks financial success, she says, "to live adequately but comfortably."



ART OBJECTS fill Miss West's home. A painting by Rex Gorgeigh, director of Chicago's South Side Community Art Center, hangs over the fireplace. She has an amazing fund of art knowledge of which she makes abundant use in her own work. Many of the art pieces in her apartment are gifts from artist-friends.



READING is one of Sarah West's favorite ways of relaxing. One of her best friends is Ann Petry, author of the best seller *The Street*.



A FASTIDIOUS SHOPPER, Miss West buys groceries carefully in a neighborhood store. She does her own cooking and loves food well-seasoned.



PAPA-TO-BE Adam Clayton Powell tries out his lap for size with little Belford Lawson, Jr., while Hazel Scott looks on admiringly. The 2-year-old boy is son of Washington attorney Belford Lawson in whose house the Powells stay when in Washington.

THE POWELLS

Happily married, famous N. Y. couple anxiously awaits an heir

MOST FAMOUS married couple of Negro America are the Powells, who will celebrate their first wedding anniversary in August with a brand new heir. Due in June, the baby of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., and Hazel Scott will probably be the most publicized colored youngster in the land since Farina quit "Our Gang" comedies.

Coming of the tot will answer many skeptics and doubters who insisted that the two top-rate celebrities would be in the

divorce courts in six months. The marriage of the preacher and the pianist has proved ideal.

Both insist that they are very much in love and demonstrate their affection openly. They still hold hands, whisper and giggle in public and have been known to indulge in kisses before their friends at parties. She calls him "Daddy." He calls her "Haze."

Both look forward anxiously to the new baby, hope it will be a boy.

(Continued on Next Page)



DOMESTIC to the extreme, Hazel helps her congressman husband with his cuff buttons. She has been wearing black to look less conspicuous and because her mother died recently.



DARNING SOCKS. Hazel is a typical housewife. She says she always seems to use red thread for black hose. Sometimes she cuts a piece from the top of the sock to patch holes.

TAMMANY GUNS FOR POWELL BUT HE'S STILL HARLEM POWER

EVER SINCE Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., was called to the pastorate of the Abyssinian Baptist Church almost ten years ago, he has basked in the public limelight. Within the next few months he will hit the headlines again for two reasons:

- A new Powell baby.

- An attempt by Tammany Hall to get rid of Powell as congressman from Harlem.

Politicians in the know make no secret of the orders which have come down from Washington to keep Powell from going back to the House by defeating him in the primaries. The Democratic National Committee considers him an annoying gadfly who will not follow the party line. They are angered because Powell has openly come out against President Truman for 1948.

But Tammany, which swallowed Powell unwillingly as a congressional candidate in 1944 on orders from the White House, knows that Powell will probably defeat the Democratic organization in a primary and blow the lid off the Democrats as far as the Negro vote is concerned.

The Harlem preacher, whom some women call "Mr. Jesus," is not worried about his political prospects although at least one candidate, Grant Reynolds, has announced his candidacy against Powell. Broadway actor Canada Lee also has been talking about running.

Although Powell has made many enemies during his term of office, he is still firmly entrenched with the Harlem electorate, his most bitter foes admit privately. He has been a much more spectacular legislator than any other Negro ever to sit in the House. He has worked with the

progressive-labor bloc and fought staunchly for all measures benefitting the Negro. He has been more of a crusader than a politician, more of an independent than a party hack.

Powell, who will be 38 this November, at the present time seems more interested in his new heir than in political warfare. He spends much time with Hazel in their Harlem apartment. They kid and joke about her pregnancy. Hazel's favorite story, which she tells repeatedly is:

"How do minks get babies?"

"Same way babies get minks."

Despite Hazel's condition, she is still her ebullient, vivacious self, still occasionally explodes with her favorite expression, "Oh brother!" She wears a gold identification bracelet with an inscription, "Adam's Hazel." She also has the same words embroidered on the lining of a new black fur coat.

Their marriage has turned out ideally, they both insist.

Their wedding, like Adam's first marriage to Isabel Washington, lovely, talented Broadway star, was the talk of the town. Some 3,000 well-wishers, mostly excited Harlem women, turned out at Cafe Society. Climax of the affair came when Hazel fainted away while shaking hands with friends.

But the excitement of the Hazel-Adam wedding was minor compared to the Isabel-Adam marriage. His first wife was starring in Vinton Freedley's *Singin' The Blues* when the announcement was made. Church deacons and his parents opposed the match but Adam was stubborn, criticized the "unreasonable formalism" of the Baptist Church. The controversy grew in

heat on both sides but finally, when they were married, they had the applause of most of Harlem ringing in their ears.

But the 6-foot-3, 210-pound "glamour boy" found the marital path a bit rocky. His wife quit the stage to get out of the spotlight and become a housewife. A quiet home life evidently did not appeal too much to Adam. There were rumors of his cavorting with other women and before long the Negro press was filled with items about Adam visiting Hazel Scott backstage at Cafe Society and the Roxy Theater, where she was performing.

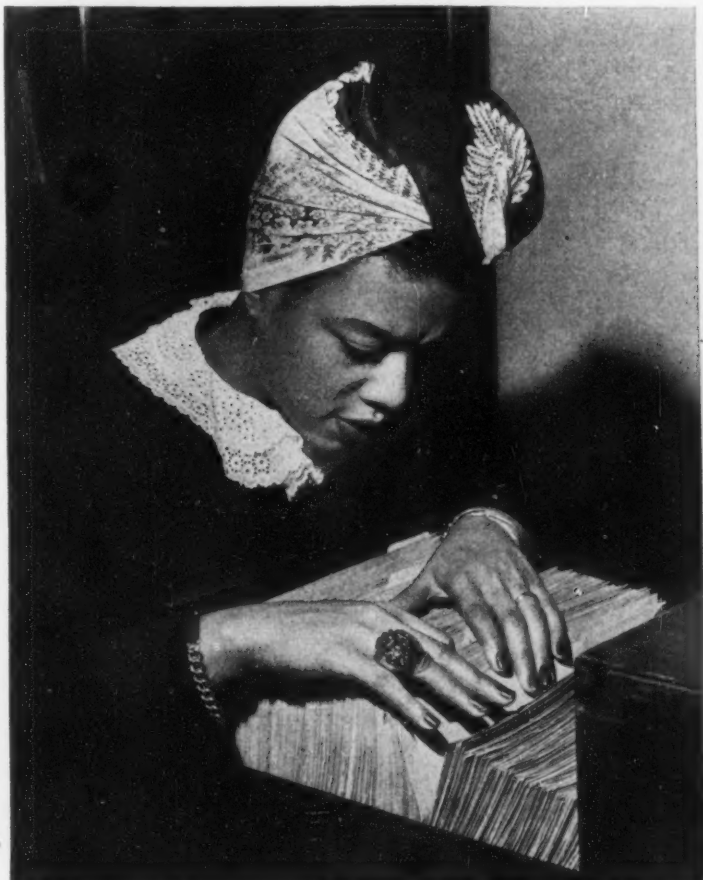
Powell finally asked for a divorce. His wife was bitter, refused. The case was dragged through the gossip columns. Finally a settlement was made and Mrs. Isabel Powell went to Reno. Hazel and Adam were married little more than a month after the divorce decree became final.

Sidelight of the divorce battle came when Powell insisted that Fredi Washington, his ex-wife's sister working as stage editor of *People's Voice* (which some called Powell's Voice) be removed. The CIO Newspaper Guild intervened. After months during which Fredi drew pay and did nothing but sit in the PV office, she went back on the job and Powell took a leave-of-absence as editor-in-chief. The grapevine has it that Powell has dropped his financial interest in the paper.

Powell for all his faux-pas is still a Harlem power, still popular with the common man. Photos of a diapered little Powell in the press in June will make good election propaganda, just as the Hazel-Adam wedding was more like a political demonstration than a dignified betrothal.



CALLERS constantly visit Rep. Powell in his office on the ground floor of the Old House Office Building, next to the other Negro Congressman, Rep. William Dawson. Here is Marcus H. Ray, civilian aide to the Secretary of War, discussing Army policy with the New York solon. Hazel is going through papers on the desk. Powell uses dictaphone on his desk to write mail and speeches. When travelling he takes dictaphone with him. He wrote his book *The Marching Blacks* with a dictaphone.



FILING away correspondence at Rep. Powell's outer office, Hazel proves helpful. She is regularly in the office when in Washington. She used to come down every week until her condition interfered.



TYPING a list of names for use in the congressman's work, Hazel is slow but careful. Powell usually goes to New York every weekend, has sometimes been criticized for his absentee record.



UNTIL HAZEL'S CONFINEMENT, POWELLS WERE REGULAR PARTY GOERS, FEPC HEAD MALCOLM ROSS (RIGHT) IS GUEST HERE. HAZEL PLAYS WHILE FRIENDS LISTEN AT BELFORD LAWSON HOME. INTENT FAN (RIGHT) IS REP. VITO MARCANTONIO.





POWELLS GO NIGHT-CLUBBING VERY OFTEN. FAVORITE IS CAFE SOCIETY WHERE HAZEL USED TO PLAY.
EATING IN HOUSE CAFETERIA WHERE HOSTESS IS FROM MISSISSIPPI, POWELLS ARE PUT NEXT TO WALL BY THEMSELVES.



THE NEGRO VETERAN TESTS AMERICA

ONE OUT of every ten Americans is a veteran of World War II.

One out of every ten Negroes is a veteran of World War II. Together—white and Negro—the one out of every ten braved shot and shell to annihilate the doctrine of racial supremacy, to make the world safe for democracy once again, shoddy and tattered as that democracy is. In the heat of savage battle, men fell. But more than just human flesh died.

The casualties on the color front were perhaps higher than the death toll for soldiers. Prejudices died hard—but die they did. Jim Crow fought with the fanatic desperation of a cornered Hitlerite but when the historians counted up the chips, old JC was a badly battered carcass. Inadvertent target of every anti-Aryan haymaker aimed at Adolph in Berlin, Jim Crow took a mauling in both psychological and military warfare.

It wasn't all one-sided. The Dixie champ got in his licks too—plenty of them. Many are the Negro youths who bled and died in bucking JC in the Army and Navy. Segregation was and is still law in the armed services—but is doomed by its own military inadequacies.

Much as the Army brasshats tried to reconcile the contradictions of their war against Aryan supremacy overseas with their avid defense of white supremacy at home, they found the doubletalk a bit awkward. The momentum of the war for democracy was too strong to halt. Ancient color lines toppled and before VE-Day Negroes and whites were fighting together in mixed units on the Western front. When blood mixed on the battlefield, fighting men found it was red, no matter whether a soldier's skin was black or white. Scenes like the magnificent interracial portrait by Phil Stern of two wounded GIs playing cards in a hospital in a foreign land became familiar.

Bourbon And Schnapps

NOW the war is over, millions of GIs home.

Can they translate into everyday life the comradeship they attained facing death together? Can they drink Bourbon together at home as they drank champagne, schnapps, vodka together overseas? Can they bring back to America some of the democracy for which their buddies gave their lives in far-off places?

For one million Negro ex-servicemen of tomorrow that is the crux of the veteran's problem.

They are not the same Negroes who put on uniforms after Pearl Harbor. The war has been an education. Hungry for knowledge, they have greedily grabbed every opportunity. Travel, better health and living conditions, even higher income has made the Negro younger generation the most aware, most articulate, most militant in all U. S. history.

In the army the Negro discovered he was not alone in his struggle for freedom. He found other U. S. minorities—Japanese, Mexicans, Jews—all fighting an uphill battle for equality under the law and all potential allies. And over a bottle of ale in England, a platter of spaghetti in Italy or some sukiyaki in Japan, he met many friends of many colors. But most important he found the average American decent and fair-minded even if sometimes ignorant and prejudiced. He learned that whites were not all bad nor all good. He came home convinced that there are many Americans of all creeds and convictions ready, willing and able to carry on the war for democracy here.

Staking A New Claim

IN CITIES and towns and backwoods farms across the land, the Negro veteran is now staking a claim to the citizenship of the country for which he gave his all.

Biggest, most important claim is a job.

The Negro vet has been having a tough time getting his due. Already more than one million ex-soldiers are employed in industry but the Negro is not the one in ten in the factory that he was in the army. As in the pre-war days, he is still getting the "Negro jobs"—janitor, busboy, houseman, porter.

Many trained as pilots, mechanics, radio technicians have been confronted with the usual "dark-colored man wanted for light work" pattern of want ads. Three out of every five Negro veterans, according to an army poll, want to get into industry, don't want to go back to their old jobs. But to date they're finding it hard to get their old jobs back. "The movement of Negroes into peacetime employment lags far behind the movement of white veterans," notes the National Urban League. The U. S. Employment Service is supposed to help Negro veterans find jobs but in Tennessee and Louisiana not a single Negro is in the employ of the agency.

If a Negro vet wants to get some training to qualify him for

skilled work, he faces virtually the same barriers as in the hunt for an actual job. Every one of the ten Negro colleges offering technical education has a large waiting list. In some cities like St. Louis, Negro vets have been forced to attend classes with high school boys.

Many GIs got ideas about starting their own business while in the Army. The GI Bill of Rights gave them high hopes and more than 80,000 said they planned to make a loan and start a little business. But let a Negro attempt to make a loan and he runs into more red tape than he ever faced in four army years. A National Urban League investigation showed not a single city where a Negro veteran had been able to make a loan for purchase of a home, let alone a business.

From the Veterans Administration, which is supposed to give ex-servicemen guidance and counsel, the Negro can expect no aid in the South and in many places in the North. Not a single Negro is on the staff of VA in Southern cities except in Negro colleges designated as rehabilitation centers. In Louisiana, 38 per cent of all inductees were Negroes but of the staff of 600 on VA only four were Negroes.

Fighting Men Fight

SUCH is the sorry picture of America welcoming its Negro heroes back from the wars. It isn't pretty.

Being fighting men, it would be less than natural if the Negro veteran didn't fight bitterly against the attempt to put him back "in his place." And in that fight he is getting the support of white veterans who learned overseas to value the Negro soldier.

They are waging the war on the home front together through veterans organizations, which, since a group of George Washington's officers formed a Society of Cincinnati in 1783, have been one of the most potent political forces in American life. Oldline outfits like the American Legion and Veterans Of Foreign Wars are attracting many Negro members but something new has been added.

In the American Veterans Committee and the American Veterans of World War II (Amvets), Negroes have found at least two groups that not only do not practice Jim Crow as do the Legion and VFW but also actively campaign against color bans. Together these two have close to 100,000 members, give promise of breaking the back of segregation in the bigger Legion and VFW which total four million members. Barometer of what's coming can be seen in the Legion's chartering of a mixed post in Jim Crow Washington.

Negro Vets Organize

BUT PERHAPS the most promising of all veterans organizations for the Negro is the newly-organized United Negro and Allied Veterans of America, which has as its honorary national chairman Joe Louis. With many white ex-servicemen in its ranks, the UNV is concerned with the very special problems of the Negro soldiers—jobs, housing, education and most important, civil rights.

Learning a lesson from the Negro heroes of World War I who came home to the South to be beaten and lynched because they were "too uppity" in asking the same rights and privileges granted all ex-servicemen, the colored veterans of today are gathering their united strength to beat back the tide of reaction in Dixie. They are determined to "stay in their place" which is as full-fledged, first-class American citizens.

As the first Negro veterans organization in history concerned primarily with Negro rights, the UNV is a welcome addition to the American scene. It can do much towards changing a concept that has marked the treatment of a white GI as first a vet, secondly and incidentally a white man but the Negro servicemen as first a Negro, secondly and incidentally a veteran.

How America treats the Negro veteran is a test of the ideals for which more than a half million Americans gave their lives in World War II. To date America has made a sham of those ideals, mocked the sacrifices of its courageous heroes. In the raw deal given Negro veterans, the pummeled remains of Jim Crow have been rescued from the battlefield, given a transfusion and brought back to life.

But the Negro vet is finding here at home as in the foxholes that he is not alone. Progressive white American veterans know that the fight for the Negro veteran is a continuation of Bastogne and Tarawa on another front. They are joining the Negro veteran's battle in the grim realization that defeat on this beachhead means a dangerous retreat for all America—white and Negro—from the ramparts of real democracy.

2nd

CONVALESCENT
HOSPITAL





RADIO CLASSES interest many returning vets at Bethune-Cookman. Most ex-soldiers want technical or professional courses which will help them make a living. Bethune-Cookman needs a new dormitory to accommodate returning GIs, many of whom could never afford an education before but who now want to go to school under the GI Bill of Rights.



ANATOMY is learned from the human skeleton as well as from plastic models, as part of human physiology course, required for science majors. Graduates usually turn to teaching in grammar and high schools rather than continue actual scientific research.

COLLEGE OASIS IN DIXIE

Mary Bethune's college feeds the book-hungry

FOUR OUT of five Negroes today still live where the book-hungry must go to colored colleges or not at all. In the Jim Crow country of Dixie, some 30 colored colleges speckle the map like oases which only whet the appetites of these thousands of Negro youth famished for education.

Into this educational desert have come some 20,000 returning Negro vets who want to go to college. But the total enrollment of all Negro colleges in the nation is only 50,000. Somewhere, some way the classrooms have to be found for the new school boys who doff khaki and don mufti.

Biggest job in opening new dorms for ex-GI's is being done by the United Negro College Fund which this month began its third annual drive to keep 33 private Negro colleges from again refusing one out of five qualified applicants because there's no room for them. Goal is \$1,300,000 and benefactors will be typical Negro colleges such as Bethune-Cookman, which symbolizes all the woes as well as all the miracles in Negro education.

A collection of 14 newish-looking red brick buildings, Bethune-Cookman is idyllically situated in the midst of Daytona Beach's pines, palms and moss-hung oaks but is nevertheless a very practically minded institution. It wants to see its well-rounded graduates get enough to eat. Mindful that a degree in Sanskrit or old English sonnets is of little value to youthful Negroes in Florida, the college which Mary McLeod Bethune founded concentrates on Booker T. Washington's philosophy, tries to fit youngsters "for opportunities which await them." In Florida the best of those opportunities are teaching, selling insurance or owning a business or farm.

Valued at \$800,000, Bethune-Cookman needs money badly. Neither the \$320 yearly tuition from students nor alumni contributions bring funds up to national minimum standard of \$535 to be spent on each student.



LONGTIME ADMIRER of President Roosevelt, Mrs. Bethune holds the most prominent spot in her office for the photo of the late President. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and the First Lady of Negro America are firm friends. At the first meeting of FDR and Mrs. Bethune, she shook her finger under his nose and demanded more NYA funds. She made the President rear with astonished laughter and won his lasting admiration.

MALLET-JAWED, deep-bosomed, quick-striding Mary McLeod Bethune isn't in Who's Who. All she did was found a college, organize the National Council of Negro Women, head up the colored branch of the National Youth Administration as the highest-ranking Negro woman in the U. S. government, and spend more than half a century fighting for what others talk about on the Fourth of July.

At 71 she is still saying, "The drums of Africa still beat in my heart. They will not let me rest while there is a single Negro boy or girl without a chance to prove his worth."

Her one-woman crusade brought Bethune-Cookman College into being. At the beginning Mary Bethune taught five girls and her own little son in a tattered shack built over an oozing dump called Hell's

Hole. Prior to 1923, when Mrs. Bethune's Daytona Normal and Industrial Institute married the Methodist Cookman Institute, only girls trod the campus which today houses 500 men and women. The 32 acres on the Florida east coast have comprised a four-year college campus for only five years. Before 1941 it was just a junior college and before 1936 it taught high school kids as well.

(Continued on Next Page)



FOUNDER and now president-emeritus of Bethune-Cookman, Mary Bethune turned the presidency over to youthful Morehouse-Atlanta-Columbia trained James A. Colston in 1942. She maintains a home on campus called "The Retreat."



DANCING though 71, Mrs. Bethune displays a remarkable vitality and energy despite her years. Here partner Rufus Byars pilots the velvet-clad lady around the Roosevelt birthday ball in Washington.

BETHUNE-COOKMAN GREW OUT OF SHACK IN 'HELL'S HOLE' DUMP

MARY BETHUNE'S approach to education has always been earthy, tending to ignore "high-falutin' courses like algebra and French." (However the BC catalogue now lists not only algebra but also trigonometry and Spanish as well as French).

Along with an earlier fellow-American named Ben Franklin, she knows that the Lord helps those who help themselves. Her first school was run on \$1.65 and faith, and she played Robinson Crusoe with the children as they made "pencils" of charred splinters, squeezed elderberries for ink, ducked the rain which splashed through the roof, and pulled up the reeds which had grown through the floor-boards. With a cretonne-draped packing case for a desk and moss-filled corn sacks for the children's mattresses, this inventive and courageous woman began the school which today, as a community service and an educational center, has enriched the lives of 100,000 Negroes.

No Helen, nor yet a Cleopatra, Mrs. Bethune is herself of royal Africa blood, and has probably used her intuitive, persuasive and culinary female powers on more men than did the other two combined. She bawled out a President of the United States, and made him like it. She rented an \$11 cottage in which to start her college, and talked the owner into accepting \$1.50 until she found more.

She buttonholed tourists and vacationers for contributions.

Endowed with a native twinkle and a loathing of cramped formalities, the daughter of a cotton-farming freedman made Bethune-Cookman a center of inter-

racial good will, where unconsciously patronizing whites are quickly deflated. Although state laws forbid white students at Negro colleges, nobody can tell Mary Bethune how to seat her guests. Florida's Jim Crow structure collapses daily in her cottage, "The Retreat," and the BC auditorium. The board of trustees is interracial.

Instinctively a teacher, she passed on her earliest learnings to a class of 19 sisters, brothers and parents. Black and white farmers came to her to learn how much their cotton weighed and how much money they should get for it. She began at 15 to share her knowledge with her people and today she sends BC graduates out into the world to follow her footsteps, with some two-thirds becoming teachers.

A simple, compelling orator, she receives ten times as many invitations to speak as she can accept, once publicly scorned a Southern white woman into using her last name, scared a clerk into selling her a railroad ticket in the white section of a station. She often falls into the rural speech of the South, but her sense of her own worth and her forthright style keep her outside anyone's stereotype of Ol' Aunt Jemima.

Admittedly a homely woman, the benevolent despot of Daytona Beach boasts an unwrinkled vitality which beauty-conscious females long for. Her serenity, as well as her success, she attributes to faith in God and in her cause. Although she and her students had many moments of wondering where breakfast was to come from, "In moments of greatest need, help

has always come."

Remembering the "miracles" which sustained her in the past, and smiling upon the college which rose from a shack built over a dump, she says simply, "When I walk through the campus with its stately palms and well-kept lawns, I rub my eyes and pinch myself. Do you wonder I have faith?"

At an age when most women have long since taken to tatting, rocking-chairs and worrying about their grandchildren, Mary Jane McLeod Bethune is still stumping for equal opportunities, better schools, full and fair employment, and the advancement of the South. Widowed after a few years of marriage and the mother of only one son, she has adopted as her grandchildren the entire Negro race.

As a hurt and bewildered child in South Carolina, she believed that the reason a little white girl snatched a book away from her was because she couldn't read. She thought, "Maybe the difference between white folks and colored is just this matter of reading and writing." She struggled for an education for herself, later strained for it for others.

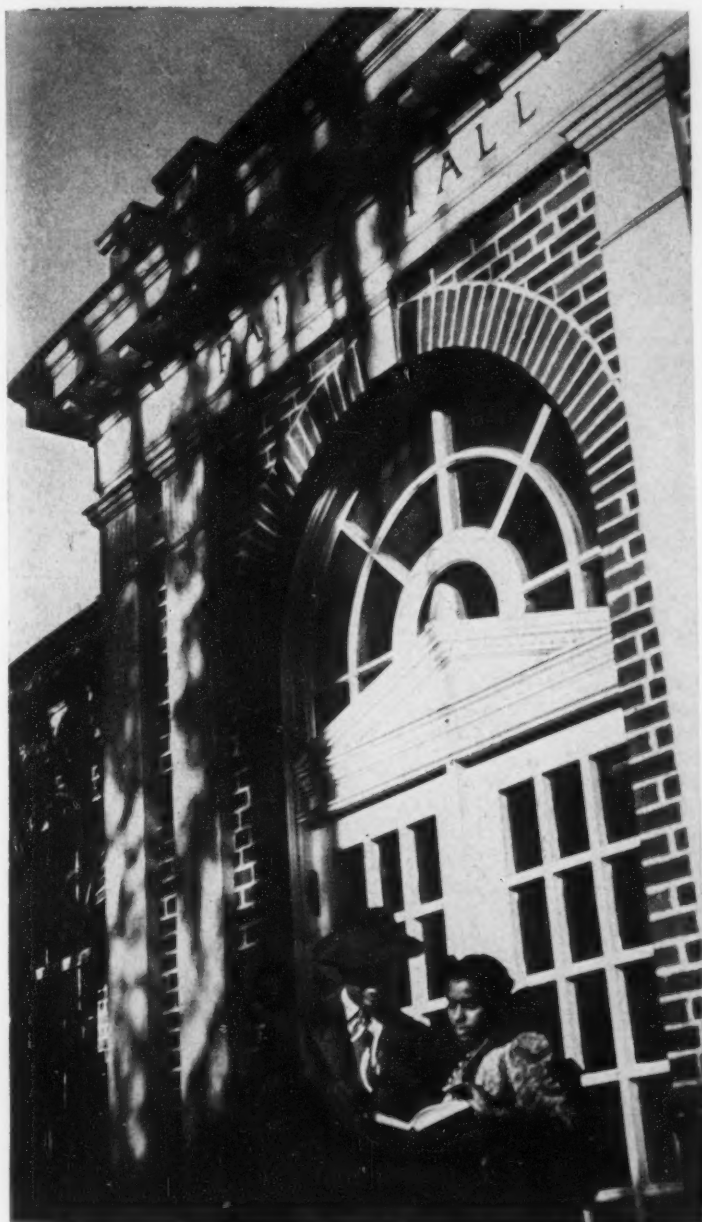
Education to Mrs. Bethune is far more than a matter of the three R's. It combines learning to fight for the rights of free men and learning to be humble and trusting before God. B-C students are welcomed to the college with "Enter to Learn" and ushered out with "Depart to Serve." And always and irrevocably, every freshman and every sophomore must study the Holy Bible, in this Florida school which was "founded on faith."



CO-EDS live in three-story Curtis Hall. Roommates call each other "Roomy." Here one pajama-clad student sits up in bed to help a pal with her assignment for the next day. Male students are outnumbered by girls three to one.



SQUINTING INTO MICROSCOPES, three students try to keep paramecia from swimming out of their range of vision. With apparatus valued at \$12,000, Science Hall still is only "reasonably well-equipped," according to Bethune-Cookman bulletin.



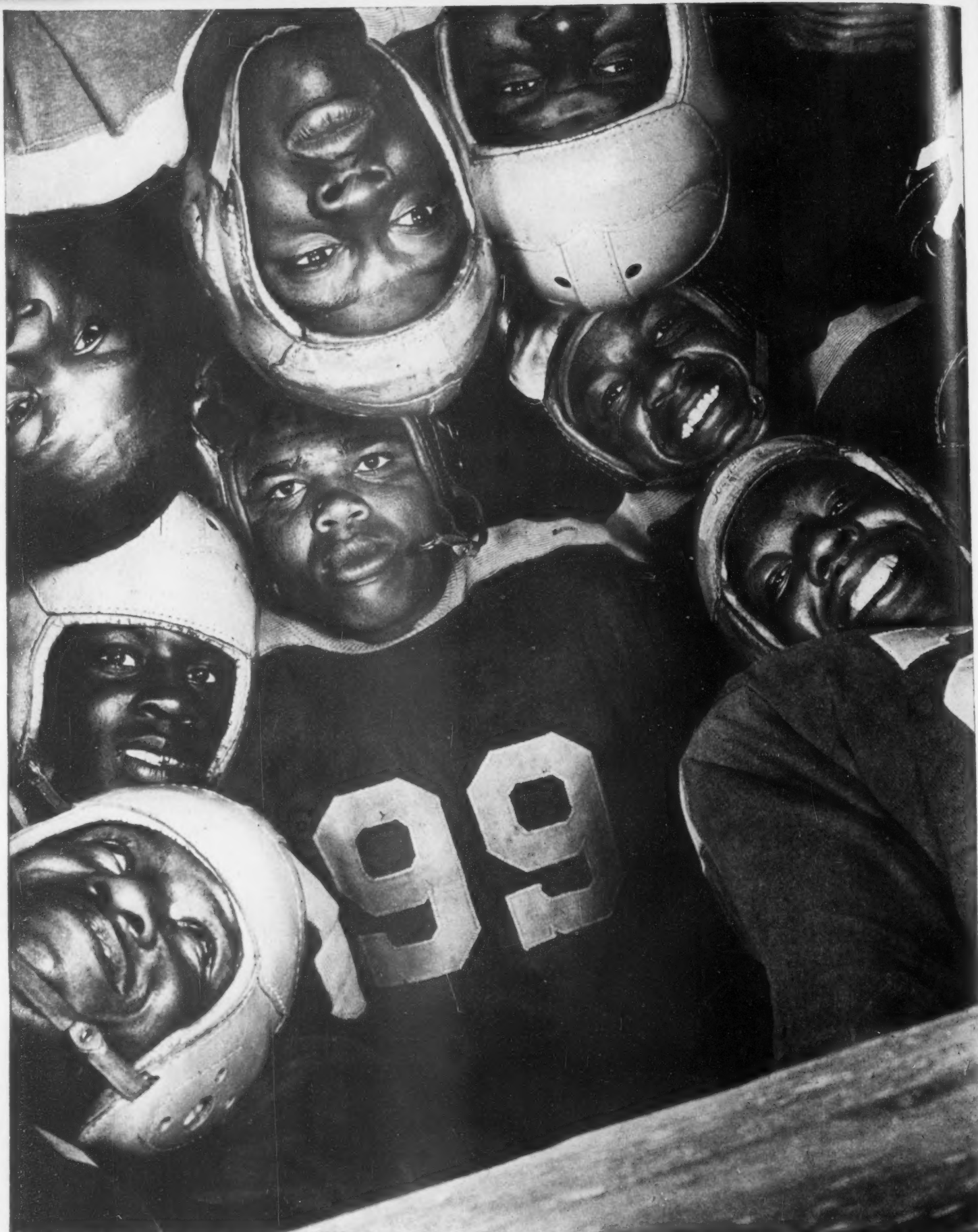
FAITH HALL'S title has special significance to students who are up on their college history. Built in 1935, the new dining hall is on the site of the first Faith Hall, four-story frame building erected by Mrs. Bethune on the old "Hell's Hole" dumping ground. The early structure was financed by contributions of wealthy Daytona Beach vacationers and by proceeds from student concerts.



LUCKY COW is one of 15 upon whom agricultural students practice dairy farming. There are also 20 horses, 20 poultry houses. Of the college's 169 acres, 20 are used for instruction in agriculture, and 137 are outlying farm and supply land. Would-be farmers take a two-year course.



DANCE INSTRUCTOR illustrates a high leap, silhouetted against a background of palm trees and Florida sky. Ideal Halifax County weather makes outdoor sports possible all year round.



ATHLETICS are not taken too seriously at Bethune-Cookman, although this gridiron huddle has all the earmarks of a bigtime eleven. The BC team is not recognized by collegiate athletic associations, ranks somewhere with junior colleges and prep schools.

AS COLLEGES go, Bethune-Cookman is strictly small potatoes. There are no big name athletic stars, no Bowl competitions. Scholarships, too, it has a long way to go before it can measure up to academic standards of big schools.

One thing which holds it back is the fact that not one member of the Bethune-Cookman faculty holds a Ph.D. Even President

Colston's honors stop with an MA from the University of Wisconsin. Most of the "forty consecrated workers" who teach and staff the small college were educated in the South, and the paucity of doctorates can be traced to the fact that no southern Negro school offers a Ph.D. degree.

With its Booker T. ideology, Bethune-Cookman is increasingly facing criticism by those who deplore the limited notion

of learning. But friends of the 40-year-old schools point to its great progress and start doing square-root problems on the table-cloth to prove that criticism without money can't change Bethune-Cookman or any other Negro college. The test of education-minded Americans, they insist, is how they kick in for the United Negro College Fund Campaign, while continuing to fight Jim Crow education.



ASSISTANT FOREMAN of the warehouse, Clyde Williams directs both Negro and white workers. He is the only Negro executive at World, has been with the firm since 1939. In one month last year, he won two prizes in the suggestion contest.



SKILLED WORK of tabbing or indexing Bibles and dictionaries is done by Mrs. Augie Floyd, who has been with World four years. Learning the art of indexing a book takes several months of patient tutoring. Many Negro workers at World have skilled work.

ONE FOR THE BOOKS

DEMOCRACY is more than a word in the millions of dictionaries printed each year by the World Publishing Company in Cleveland, Ohio. Democracy is what America's largest publisher of dictionaries and Bibles practices.

World president Benjamin D. Zevin believes in modern, streamlined production methods, turned World's plant topsy-turvy when he took over the cheap reprint book business. He eliminated all hand labor, installed fast machinery. Then he tossed out antique lily-white theories on plant labor relations, gave employment to many Negroes. Today 143 out of World's 500 employees are Negro. There are several Negro foremen, one executive.

Seven years ago, Zevin, then up-and-coming vice president of the concern, first questioned the hiring practices and did something about it.

Not a trace of Jim Crow is evident in the company's cafeteria or wash rooms. The employees' monthly publication, *Our World*, has a Negro art editor, John DeForest and a Negro associate editor, Clyde Williams.

Unhampered by hidden job restrictions, Negroes hold supervisory posts, are members of the company's AFL binders union, the plant's credit union, and have copped prizes in the production suggestion contest.

Last year, over fifteen million volumes representing a list of over four hundred best sellers of all titles and topics whirled through the presses at World.



OLDEST EMPLOYEE at World is William Reid, who cleans presses and type. He has been with the firm almost 30 years. Company newspaper in a feature story said Reid knew the presses as well as any pressman and could operate any of them in an emergency.

Imagine! ONLY 7c A DAY TO LEARN MUSIC

Thousands Have Learned to Play This Easy as A-B-C Way—Right at Home

No special talent, no previous training needed. This U. S. School home-study method is so successful because you learn to play real tunes by note, right from the start. And just think, you can learn your favorite instrument for only 7c a day. If interested, mail coupon for FREE Booklet and Print-and-Picture Sample. See for yourself how easy it is to learn any instrument, right at home, in spare time, without a private teacher. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 765 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.



FREE! Print and Picture Sample

U. S. School of Music, 765 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

I am interested in music study, particularly in the instrument checked below. Please send your free illustrated booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home," and the free Print and Picture Sample.

Piano	Saxophone	Modern Elements
Guitar	Trumpet, Cornet	Harmony
Hawaiian Guitar	Reed Organ	Other Instrument
Violin	Tenor Banjo	
Piano Accordion		Have you instr.?

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Street

City State

BARGAIN SALE!

Genuine Guaranteed SWISS WATCHES WITH JEWELLED MOVEMENTS

99c JUST ARRIVED! LIMITED QUANTITY

Yes, even these days there are bargains in hard-to-get jewelry! Distinctive, new, handsome. Known for accurate time-keeping. Moderate in style—finer quality. Built by Swiss craftsmen, noted for their fine superb excellence in materials and workmanship. Smart adjustable band sets off attractive chrome case to excellent advantage. You'll thrill with the beautiful sturdy Precision GUARANTEED Swiss One-Jewel movement. Easy to read dial. Beautiful gift box.

Send No Money—Wear at Our Risk!

Written Guarantee With Every Watch

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back. Price of men's sturdy, dependable wrist watch only \$8.45. Price of Ladies' exquisite dainty wrist watch only \$9.95. Simply send name, address, and tell us which watch is wanted. Pay postman C.O.D., plus a few cents postage and 10% Federal Tax. The supply is limited, so order today. Immediate delivery.

International Diamond Co., 2435 Indiana, Dept. 4251, Chicago 16, Ill.

Thrill Your Friends With Your PERSONAL PHOTO STAMPS

in your letters, greeting cards, etc.

Dear Bob
Your last letter was so welcome. Everyone is O.K.
Notice your pin-up girl in the photo to the right.
Made from Your Favorite PHOTO or SNAPSHOT

A thrilling, new idea in personalization that has taken the country by storm. Your favorite photo reproduced on stamps—ready to paste on your letters, greeting cards, etc. Just imagine the thrill your friends and loved ones will get seeing YOU in every one of your letters.

Many Other Clever Uses
PHOTO STAMPS have many other uses for personalization and identification. Large sized (1 1/8" x 1 1/2") and printed on high gloss gummed stock—simply moisten the back and apply. Individually cut with smooth edge. Adheres smoothly and evenly to any surface, giving the appearance of having actually been printed on.

SEND NO MONEY
Yes, for only \$1.89, you can have 250 personal PHOTO STAMPS (minimum quantity). Send no money—just send photo (no negatives). When stamps arrive, pay postman \$1.89 plus C.O.D. postage. If cash accompanies order, we ship postpaid. Original photo returned intact.

Money-Back Guarantee

The PHOTOPLATE Co., Dept. E761
161 W. Harrison St. Chicago 5, Ill.

LET US SEND YOU

ON APPROVAL, THIS CLASSY
"HOLLYWOOD JUMPER"
and BLOUSE ENSEMBLE

Only

\$9.95

for Both



"K-e-e-n! Sm-o-o-th! TERRIFIC!"—you'll shout when you see this Exciting "HOLLYWOOD" Ensemble. And no Wonder! For here is a Super Classy Combination Ensemble that is just what the Doctor Ordered. It sports Smart Lapels, Kick Pleat Skirt, Dressy Blouse, Wide Slenderizing Belt—in fact everything to make you the Top Dazzler in the Hep-Hep Class. And think of the extra Low Price! What a Bargain! Why, you'd actually expect to pay this price for the Jumper alone—but instead you get BOTH—the Jumper AND the Blouse for Only \$9.95!

Jumper and Short Sleeve Blouse... \$ 9.95
Jumper and Long Sleeve Blouse... 10.95
Sizes 10 to 44

Jumper Colors: Navy, Black Brown, Gray, Green, Teal.

Blouse Colors: White, Blue, Green, Melon.

SEND ONLY \$1.00

GET BIG
Free
CATALOG

Just Send Name and Address with \$1.00, giving Size, Colors (first and second choice), Long or Short Sleeves, and Pay Postman Balance plus few cents postage on Delivery.

Hurry! Order this Lovely Ensemble Today!

National Clothing Co. Dept. A-71
4606-08 S. Ashland Ave. Chicago 9, Ill.

24 YARDS
QUILT PIECES



- OVER 4 POUNDS
- LARGE AND COLORFUL
- EXCELLENT QUALITY
- BEAUTIFUL NEW MATERIALS

Bargain Sale! Lovely new goods that will please you. Bright, gorgeous designs. You'll be delighted!

GIVEN SEWING OUTFIT AND 25 QUILT PATTERNS WITH ORDER

Join our thousands of satisfied customers. Write today. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

Great American Sales Co., 2226 Silvertown Way
Dept. W 77, Chicago 16, Ill.

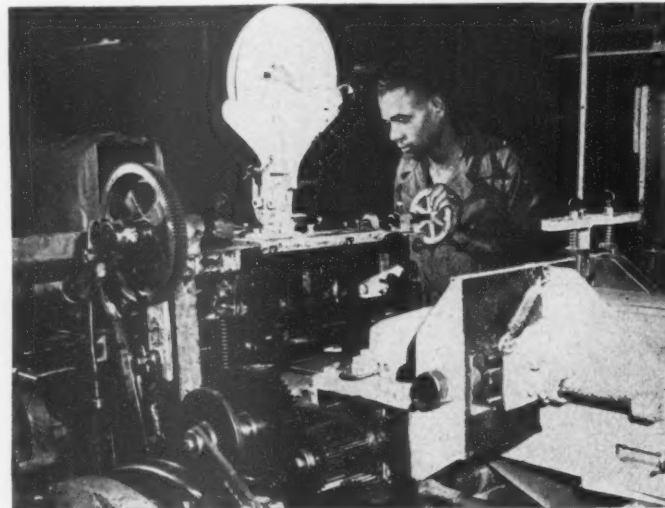
**SUBSCRIBE TO
EBONY TODAY**



SEWING MACHINE stitches book pages together and gets binding started after printing and folding. Sylvia Deforest operates machine, has been with company four years.



EDGE COLORING MACHINE is a complicated mechanism which puts tint around outside edges of a book. Mrs. Lula Florence and Rebecca Page run this machine at World.



HARD CASE COVERS for books are made in this machine operated by Thomas Moon, a World War II veteran who recently returned to his job at World. He was with the firm four years before becoming a GI.



CASING-IN MACHINE takes bound pages and puts covers on them to make a complete book. Mrs. Zadie Layson, who has been at World two years, feeds uncovered books into machine.

Here's way to

**BUILD UP
RED BLOOD**
to get more
STRENGTH

If you lack BLOOD-IRON!

You girls and women who suffer so from simple anemia that you are pale, feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to lack of blood-iron.

So start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the best and quickest home ways to help build up red blood to get more strength and energy—in such cases.

Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy. Just try them for 30 days—then see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit.

Lydia E. Pinkham's **TABLETS**

FREE! 1946
STYLE
CATALOG



For MEN and WOMEN

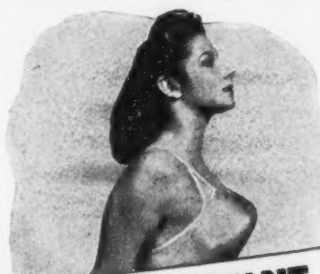
Save time and money! Enjoy clothes that give pleasure and win admiration. Just send name and address for our FREE 1946 Style Catalog filled with wonderful values for the whole family. Latest Styles, Superior Materials and Workmanship; Money Saving Prices. 24-hour service. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded. Write for yours today!

National Clothing Co. Dept. A-70
4606-08 S. Ashland Ave. Chicago 9, Ill.

**QUICK RELIEF For
COLDS**

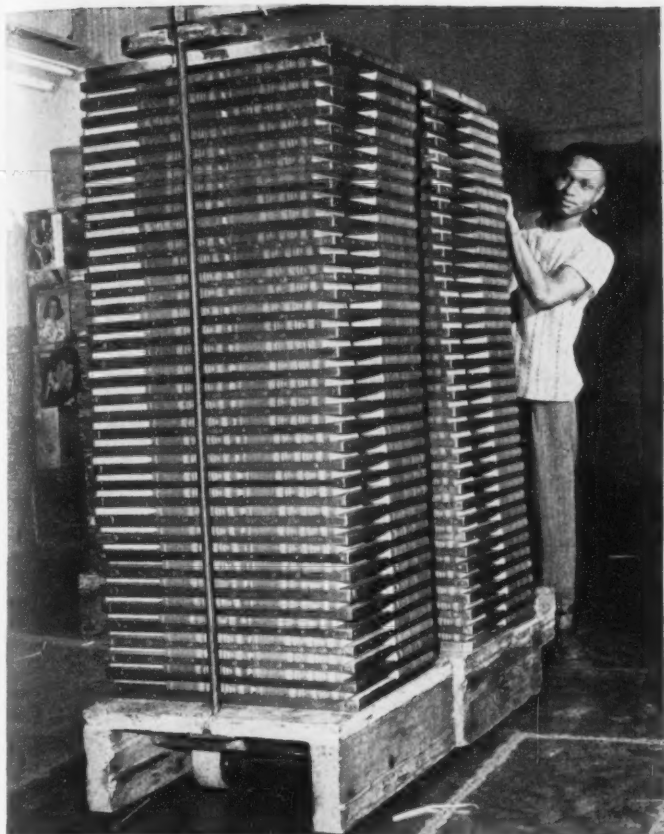
distress 666 Liquid or Tablets act as a mild Laxative and get at Cold Miseries internally 666 Nose Drops or Salve begins to relieve stuffiness and coughing AT ONCE makes it easier to breathe.

666 Works Great and works fast
Has satisfied millions.
Purest drugs yet inexpensive
compare results
Caution Use only as directed



**YOUR INSTANT
short cut to
GLAMOUR**

An attractive full Bust Line is a short cut to glamour, poise and self-assurance. If your Bust Line makes you self-conscious, try the new (special up and out) Peach Cupbra. Use it for a week. If you are not delighted, send everything back and your money will be refunded. Write now. SEND NO MONEY. Send only your name and address and size of your old brassiere. (State whether small, medium or heavy.) When you get your Peach Cupbra with direction booklet, pay postman \$1.98 (plus few cents postage). (Plain wrapper.) If you wish to save postage, send Two Dollars now and we pay postage. Read your direction booklet and wear your Peach Cupbra for a week. If you are not absolutely delighted with your new lovelier figure, send it back. It is positively guaranteed to please you. Join the hundreds of women who enjoy a lovelier figure with Peach Cupbra. Please print name and address clearly. Write today to Party Peach Co., Dept. 71-E 72 5th Ave., New York 11, N. Y.



FINISHED BOOKS on a large truck are wheeled into the stock room by Bernard Spragner, a floor boy who just joined World last year.

'BLACK BOY' GETS A JOB

A NEGRO EMPLOYEE wrote Richard Wright requesting a duplicate of a prized autographed picture that appeared in the office of the president of the World Publishing a few weeks ago.

The employee related how the company had employed Negroes for years and how Wright's sensational autobiography *Black Boy*, added to the company's reprint list, was already third in best selling ranks, behind only Ernie Pyle's *Here Is Your War* and Bill Mauldin's *Up Front*.

The picture was sent but the next time World President Zevin came to New York, Richard Wright wanted to know about his liberal employment policies.

The slim, bespectacled 43-year-old executive smiled and explained simply that there was no such a thing as a "Black Boy" being rejected on grounds of color at World.

Does it work?

Zevin quickly replies, "Emphatically yes."

There are problems sometimes.

For instance, Negroes failed to attend the company's first Christmas dinner. Zevin asked the personnel manager about it. "Wonderful but—" came the reply. Zevin knew what he was thinking.

The next year, a few Negroes came, ate their food hurriedly, and left before the speeches. Zevin was encouraged but not satisfied.

The succeeding affair was in the style of a cabaret with the company officials serving as the hosts. The Negroes had to stay until they were served but they didn't regret it. Every year since, the annual parties have been well attended and eagerly awaited.

There was the case of the Negro worker who protested to the publisher, "Negroes never get the breaks." Zevin met the challenge head-on. He retorted angrily, "Nobody gets the breaks here. They make them." The Negro stayed and soon afterwards demonstrated his ability.

"There is no difference in the efficiency of white and Negro workers," Zevin explains, "There are bad ones on both sides."

The executive, a staunch supporter of the fair employment practice legislations, is of the opinion that Negroes who attain skilled jobs in industry are more loyal to the company than whites principally because there is a dearth of similar job opportunities.

FREE!

ENLARGEMENT

OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO



JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED! WE WILL MAKE YOU A BEAUTIFUL 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENT OF ANY SNAPSHOT, PHOTO, OR NEGATIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get Our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10c each for handling and mailing the enlargements. Originals returned. Be sure to include all information. Act Now!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS • 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 947

7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Enclosed find _____ snapshot or negative.

Specify number, limit 21

Please make _____ free enlargements.

Specify number, limit 21

Handling and Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed.



MAIL TODAY

LOOK THRU YOUR ALBUM
SELECT YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOTS

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 & 2

COLOR - Picture No. 1

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

COLOR - Picture No. 2

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

A Message to Our Readers:

Our advertising department will accept advertisements only of products of use, interest and benefit to your comfort and well being. For this issue we have rejected 15 accounts, because the products and services offered did not measure up to our standards.

You can help us maintain a high standard by patronizing the advertisers in this and subsequent issues. Thank you.

JOHN H. JOHNSON
Publisher

Be Lovely... with lighter,
smoother Skin Beauty



**Just one jar of NADINOLA is guaranteed
to improve your complexion**

DON'T let a dark unlovely complexion hurt your popularity. Start now to do what thousands of pretty women do—use NADINOLA Cream for lighter, lovelier skin beauty. Start using NADINOLA tonight and soon you'll be thrilled to see your skin becoming lighter and brighter, feeling softer, looking smoother and more alluring.

You'll be thrilled and delighted because NADINOLA is the famous 4-way action cream that helps do these 4 beauty jobs, the quick easy way:

- (1) lighten and brighten your skin
- (2) loosen and remove blackheads
- (3) clear up externally caused pimples
- (4) make your skin feel softer, look smoother

You take no risk. There's a money-back guarantee for you in every box—guaranteeing that just one jar must improve your complexion or money back. Buy NADINOLA Cream today and start on the road to improved skin beauty now. Full treatment size only 55c, economy size \$1.

NADINOLA

Bleaching
Cream



RESULTS GUARANTEED FROM JUST ONE JAR

LETTERS AND PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

CATHOLICS: PRO AND CON

Claude McKay's article on the Catholic church, along with your spread on the church, was one of the most Uncle Tomish pieces I've seen, and certainly a great disappointment to me—as I never thought EBONY would stoop that low.

I have no argument with the Catholics over their religion, that is their business, just as my religion is my business. At the same time, the Catholic church has been a bed of reaction, as witness Father Coughlin and the Pope's blessing of the Italian armies when they invaded Ethiopia. It is true that many members of the church, especially in Harlem, try to preach—and give more than lip service—to equality. But let a Negro attend a Catholic church in other parts of the country, and see the reception he gets. Nor can one forget that since the church fosters a good deal of the reaction in this country, they are directly responsible for the discrimination we find ourselves confronted with. There may be many Catholics who are against these reactionary policies, but they seem to keep silent and let the rabble-rousers speak for their church.

FRANK MIFFLIN.

Jersey City, N. J.

This is just a brief note to express my appreciation of "Converts of Color" and Claude McKay's "Why I Am A Catholic," articles appearing in the March issue of EBONY.

Articles of this nature are of inestimable value in promoting mutual understanding among the minority groups of America. If unity among those groups is to be achieved then it is highly important that Catholics become aware of the noble aspirations and honest ambitions of the Negro and that Negroes come to know the sincere love of the church for all races and the efforts of the church to promote the true spiritual welfare of all men. I feel that publications like the March EBONY promote that mutual understanding very effectively.

REV. CHARLES T. CONROY.
West Baden College
West Baden Springs, Indiana

In Claude McKay's statement in the last EBONY as to his reasons for becoming a Catholic, he appears to be patting himself on the back, something it is difficult to do gracefully. At the same time I doubt if he has made any friends for the Catholic Church.

Mr. McKay should know it is the soul which is saved and not the intellect, whether it be in a Protestant or a Catholic Church. He belittles the early Protestants as being "peasants" and "middle class," forgetting the Bible says, "and the common people heard Him gladly." Mark 12:37.

Catholics are steeped in the ritualistic observances of their church, but in everyday living, are no better, and no worse Christians than Protestants are.

It was Catholic Poles led by their priests who fought to keep Negroes from the Sojourner Truth Housing project, which had been built for Negroes by the government, remember?

MRS. HERBERT C. GARRETT.
Richmond, Indiana.

I have been particularly interested in your articles on the interracial efforts of the Roman Catholic Church. May I suggest that Protestants are also working along this line, but are handicapped because the power lies in the people rather than in the high church

officials. In the Protestant Church, the people must first be sold on the idea, before we can have interracial congregations.

Our church has for years been working among the Negro people and has recently greatly increased its efforts. In my own church body, the American Lutheran Church, we have seven ordained Negro pastors, besides several lay pastors who have not yet been ordained. I myself am a white pastor serving a Negro congregation. I hope to use this position as an opportunity to speak very plainly to white Lutherans on the subject of interracial fellowship.

REV. FRANCIS B. SMITH.
Baltimore, Maryland.

Thank you for your very fair and unencumbered presentation of the call of the Catholic Church to our colored brethren.

To us your magazine is as fine as "Life" has ever been.

REV. C. J. CROWLEY.
St. Joseph, Louisiana.

'BLACK TRASH'

Your magazine is nice but for God's sake, lay off this mess about Negroes living in a ghetto and the horrible conditions that the Negro lives under. We know you mean well, but you might as well get it through your head that if the kind of Negro who lives in a rat-infested kitchenette didn't like to live like a pig in a sty, he would not.

You cannot help a person that is too lazy to help himself. They are nothing but poor black trash and we cannot help them any more than the white people can help poor white trash.

Many Negroes will go into a night club and throw away fifty or sixty dollars in a night and won't even save out enough to pay their room rent or buy food. They are happy to live like that, so who can help them?

Eight years ago, I was receiving \$8 a month from the county along with thousands of other people and now I'm worth over \$20,000. I have a \$10,000 home and \$2,000 worth of furniture and a \$1,600 car. I'm almost deaf and have been ill for years. Some of my friends are worth twice that much. No one helped us. So why worry about our poor trash.

KATHLEEN DAVESON.
Los Angeles, California.

WHITE READERS

Please let me add my praise of EBONY to the hundreds of other complimentary letters you have already received. EBONY is exactly the kind of Negro magazine I had hoped it would be. I only wish there was some way to place a copy of it in the home of every white person like myself.

HENRY A. HUGHSON.
Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Today I bought four more copies of this month's EBONY. If I had the "where-with-all" I would send your magazine to every person I know—Negro and white.

You are doing in a big way what many of us "whites" have been trying to do with our fellow pale-faces all our lives. You are convincing our nation that as a group the Negro people are not conventional, not types. . . . Uncle Tom, Aunt Jemima, Rastus, and

Lindy Lou . . . but basically the same as every other citizen in the land: fools at times . . . saints at times . . . but always human beings—loving and lovable.

Tell us more about the "non-typed" among your people: the keen minds, the determined wills, the skilled hands and well-trained bodies, and above all, the beautiful souls of your people who are our people.

G. E. POWERS.

Washington, D. C.

Just finished going over the February issue. It gets better every month and I want to congratulate you. I think you are doing a fine job, not only in giving a good magazine to your own people, but in educating us whites as well. Too long have men like Doctor Lawless been ignored by the white population, even while they are very prompt to seek out his aid when everyone else fails.

REVEREND J. B. LUX,
Managing Director,
Extension,
The National Catholic
Monthly
Chicago, Ill.

Today, I went to pay our garbage-collector's bill and a nice Negro woman told me to come in while she made out the receipt. I noticed EBONY for March and looked it over. The lady had two of them and gave me one to take home. I was delighted with your magazine and hope that all prejudiced people can read it sometime.

Your Coop House (Roosevelt Coop) article and the one on Harlem's hospital were excellent. The Negroes are swell folks like any other folks all over the world. I'm ashamed to say that the Pasadena Civic Auditorium (as of 1944) won't have Negro dance bands for its Friday and Saturday night dances for young people. However, Marian Anderson sang there recently. Negroes are really good on dance or any other music and I hope our auditorium will have Negro bands in the future.

When I was in the U. S. Forest Service Smokejumpers (parachute firefighting) a Negro army doctor parachuted to give first aid to one of us who broke a leg 'way out in the wilderness. Yet, that ornery city of Missoula, Montana, would not put him up in a hotel when he came in from the mountains on the way back to his army group. In town, though, I've seen four white kids—both girls and boys and a Negro child having a great time together. (Missoula, Mont.)

EDWIN A. VAIL.
Altadena, California.

EBONY GETS AROUND

Since my chief hobby is circulating worthy and educational Negro publications among white people with whom I come into contact, you can imagine the pride and joy I feel when their eyes behold the pages of EBONY.

To date I have bought and circulated over one hundred copies, from your first edition to that of the present March issue.

As a force for changing the false opinions that most whites have of us, through the lack of facts and miseducation concerning the Negro, your magazine tops all others. EBONY, with its breath-

taking accounts of Negro achievements, good taste in pictures, up-to-the-minute editing and dignity, works wonders on the most biased and under-nourished mind. I hope many of your lucky readers will adopt my hobby.

We know "our side" of the story but we must make the other fellow know it. There is no better way than leaving a few copies of EBONY around, accidentally—on purpose!

ANDY RAZAF.

New York City.

CHANGE OF NAME

The controversies over your name are rather amusing. Personally, EBONY is very fitting. True, it means black, but try never to think of Ebony as just being black any more than you would think of a Negro as just being black. Ebony, in its natural stage, is an ordinary piece of wood, but the finished product is most impressive with its so beautifully molded, carved and polished surfaces. Just as your publication will become smoother and more highly polished with age and experience.

Don't forget, either, that ebony is also very durable. May your magazine be just as strong and enduring through years to come.

Ebony is often used in connection with ivory carvings, too, and the result is very effective. Witness, too, the ebony keys of a piano without which the beautiful pattern of music, the food for all kindred souls, would be lost. Already your EBONY is helping to blend our two races, binding us together in good will toward all. May success ever attend your footsteps.

MISS FRANCES HEMENWAY.
Springfield, Ill.

In one of your most recent issues, a reader suggested that the name EBONY be changed. Some of the names suggested, to my mind mean only a view, or the avenue through which one goes to get where he is going. EBONY means black, hard and durable. We rather like to be polished and groomed. We are black, we are proud to be black. As black is quite honorable, I don't think the name EBONY means to be discriminatory, but it is just the Negro as he is, in art, business, crafts, religion and science.

When our country was called into war, they didn't call men with fancy names, they called all men, and our EBONY men from far and near played a great part. We are proud of our EBONY. Not for color, but for what it stands for.

MRS. MARY M. LOWERY.
Newark, N. J.

COMPLIMENTS

This is to congratulate you on the best magazine ever put out by our group.

I was so greatly impressed by it that I have purchased more than fifty copies and sent them to friends whom I know would appreciate reading a magazine like EBONY.

J. B. MARTIN,
President, Negro
American League
Chicago, Illinois.

Congratulations on EBONY and best wishes for a long and prosperous life for Negro America's newest magazine. It is something of which the whole country can be proud.

ROY WILKINS,
Editor, The Crisis.
New York, N. Y.

EBONY solicits the work of free lance photographers and will pay \$3 for every photo accepted for publication. All photos must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope. EBONY assumes no responsibility for the return of photos.

Very
personally
yours



The flat, tapered ends of Kotex*
keep you carefree, confident . . . because
they prevent revealing outlines

Kotex is the sanitary napkin with the flat pressed ends that
don't show. And this is just one of many special Kotex features
that are all *very personally yours*.

For you get extra comfort, lasting softness, with Kotex.
This napkin is made to stay soft while wearing—made to hold its shape
hours longer than pads which just "feel" soft at first touch.

What's more, Kotex is made with an exclusive safety center.

It's designed for plus-protection against accidents—
against roping and twisting—against moist, chafing edges.

A deodorant in every Kotex napkin

As an extra safeguard for your daintiness, your poise, every Kotex napkin
contains a deodorant. It's locked in so it can't shake out
. . . a new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost!

And only Kotex of all napkins provides 3 sizes for different
women, different days—Regular in the blue box, Junior in the green box,
and Super Kotex in the brown box.

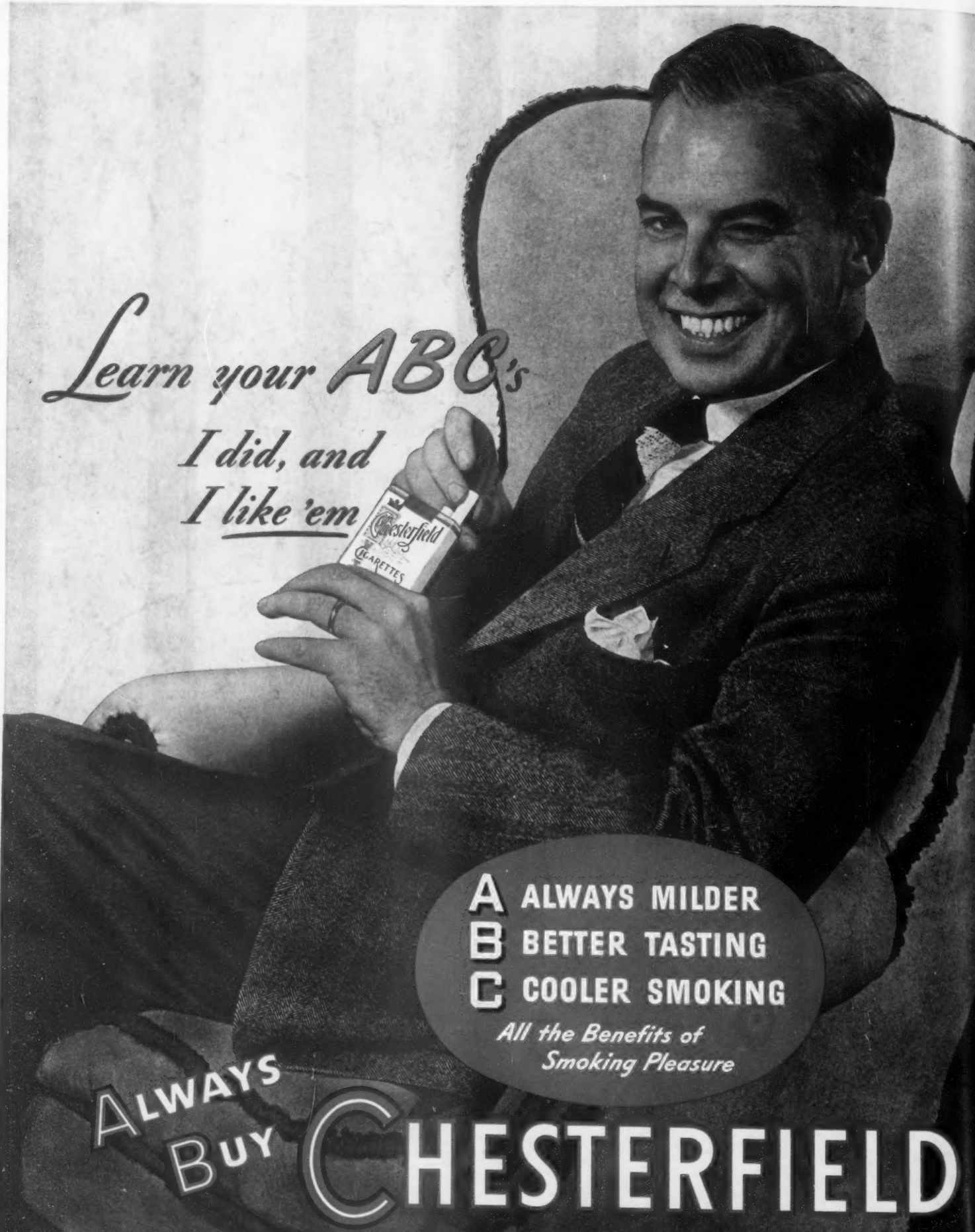
More women choose
Kotex than all other
sanitary napkins



©T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Tomahawk

A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit and white shirt, smiling broadly while sitting in a high-backed chair. He is holding a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes in his hands. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

Learn your ABC's

*I did, and
I like 'em*

A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

*All the Benefits of
Smoking Pleasure*

**ALWAYS
BUY**

CHESTERFIELD

The RIGHT COMBINATION of the WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS—Properly Aged

